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HOLLYWOOD

#3,1,12

DEC -1 1933

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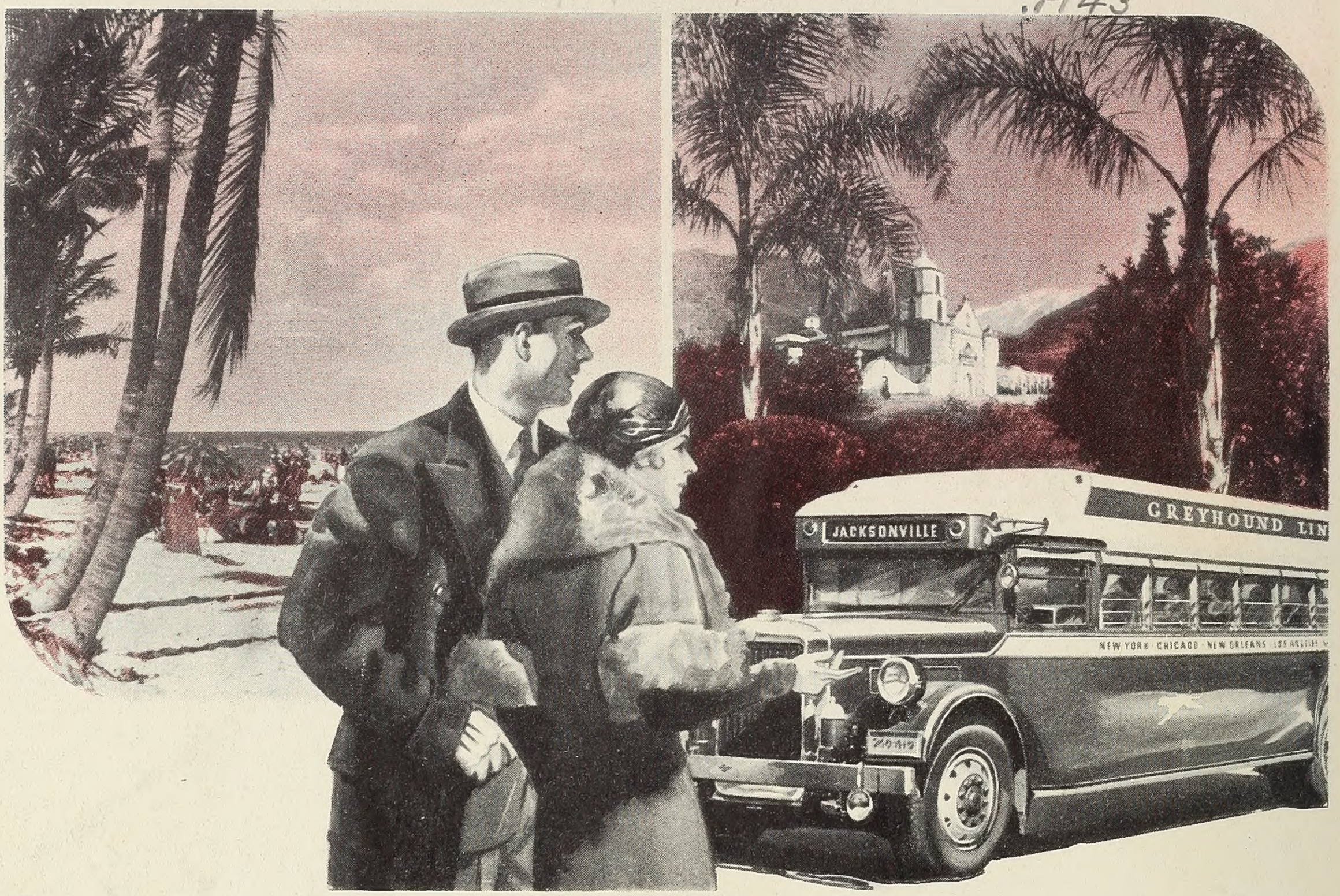
Extra!

Walter Winchell's "Broadway Through A Keyhole"

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WHAT'S NEW on the SCREEN

A PREVIEW OF THE LATEST PICTURE OFFERINGS

THESE ARE PLEASANT days and nights for your reviewer as he makes the endless round of previews to bring you advance information on the new pictures you will see soon on the screens of your home town theatres.

When a reviewer sees the type of entertainment the studios are now turning out, his job no longer seems work—even if he gets paid for it. Consider the splendid pictures you must plan to see.

Bombshell

● Jean Harlow's new picture which kids Hollywood and the stars deserves the highest rating. As a Hollywood star in this brilliant, and at times cuttingly satiric story, Jean reveals herself as one of the screen's most outstanding comediénnes. Lee Tracy has a perfect part as her high-powered publicity man and others in the cast, which includes Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Ivan Lebedeff, Isobel Jewell and Pat O'Brien, acquit themselves capably.

Havana Widows

● A gold-digging theme motivates *Havana Widows* with Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as the two chorus girls who shoulder the pick and shovel and trek to Cuba when the breaks turn against them in New York. Their first success is to dig the price of the southern trip from Allen Jenkins.

There's plenty of comedy as the picture swings into uproarious action. The supporting cast includes Guy Kibbee, Lyle Talbot, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly, Ralph Ince and Maude Eburne.

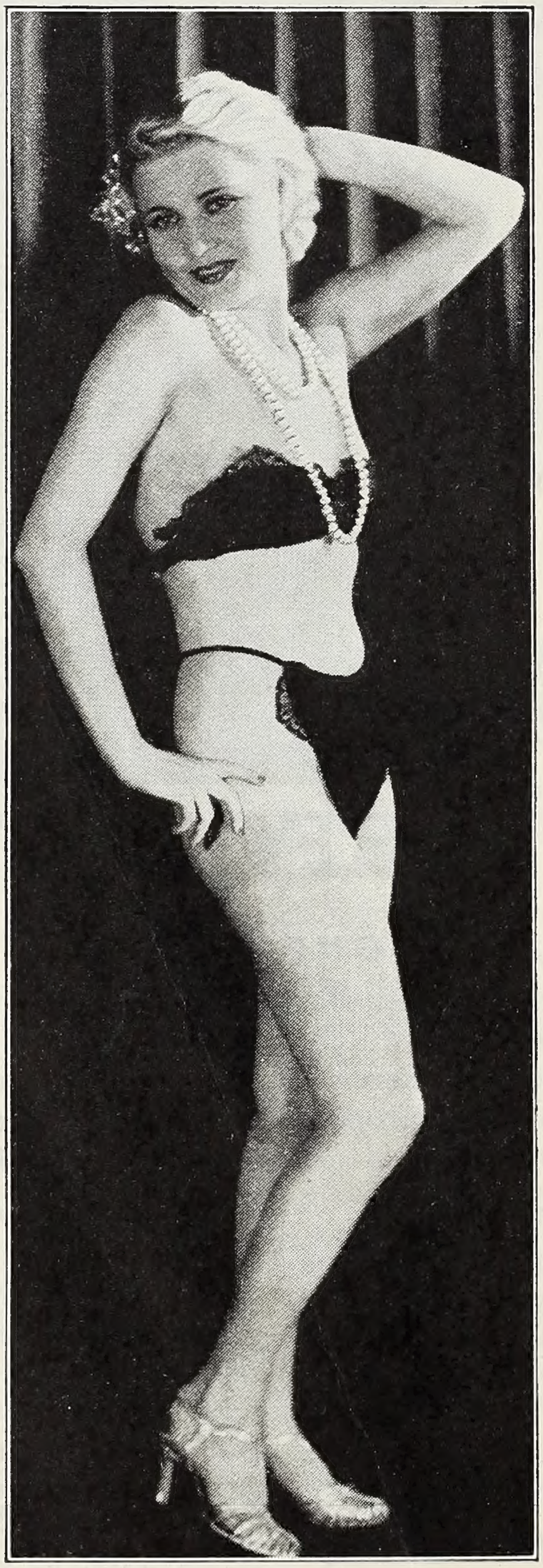
Eskimo

● For the person who craves a distinct change in his movie diet, we recommend *Eskimo.* An epic of the Northland and its native people, the film will appeal to all persons of every age and walk in life.

The story tells of the life of Mala, a mighty hunter, and is unforgettable in its faithful realism. The beauty and horror of the Arctic has been captured and brought to the screen in a way that holds and compels the interest from beginning to end.

The leading rôle is brilliantly portrayed by Ray Wise, the young Eskimo of *Igloo* fame, and other members of the all-Eskimo cast are excellent. Subtitles translate the words spoken in the Eskimo tongue.

The picture scout's tipoff on what is worth seeing in current and future films



***Jeanette Loff, after a lengthy absence from the screen during which time she sang with Buddy Rogers' orchestra in New York, has returned and will be seen in* Ladies Must Love *and* Mating Time**

The House on 56th Street

● Chalk up another hit for Kay Francis in the rôle of a woman who counts no sacrifice too great to make for her daughter. As a Floradora girl, she is sent to prison for murder, of which she is innocent. After twenty years she returns to find her husband, Gene Raymond, dead, and becomes associated with Ricardo Cortez, a gambler. When her daughter, who does not recognize her mother, kills Cortez, Kay assumes the blame. Then follows a sensational climax. Margaret Lindsay, William Boyd, John Halliday, Sheila Terry and Hardie Albright are other members of the cast.

College Coach

● An exposé of the football racket, the theme of this picture which deals with the hiring of football players and other commercializing of the sport by college authorities, may or may not meet with your approval but you'll find you've spent a mighty enjoyable evening watching it.

Pat O'Brien is the coach, Lyle Talbot is a star football player, and Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell, Arthur Byron, Nat Pendelton, Guinn Williams and Hugh Herbert are among other players in the cast.

Saturday's Millions

● Another football picture, this one the screen version of a story that ran serially in a national magazine during the fall, is *Saturday's Millions.* This yarn concerns a star football player who considers football a racket until his private life receives a mighty jolt and the college spirit is awakened in him.

Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Johnny Mack Brown, Andy Devine, Mary Carlisle and others appear. Everybody should enjoy this picture whether they are interested in the pigskin game or not.

From Headquarters

● For the mystery fans here is a bang-up murder mystery with the headquarters homicide squad

Please turn to page eight

100,000,000 COLDS COMING THIS WINTER

MOST OF THEM PREVENTABLE



HOME WITH HEADACHE AND FEVER

50 PER CENT OF ALL DISABLING DISEASES START WITH A COLD

•

INFLUENZA IN ONE YEAR COST ONE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY $26,000,000

•

NEW FORMULA BRINGS QUICK RELIEF

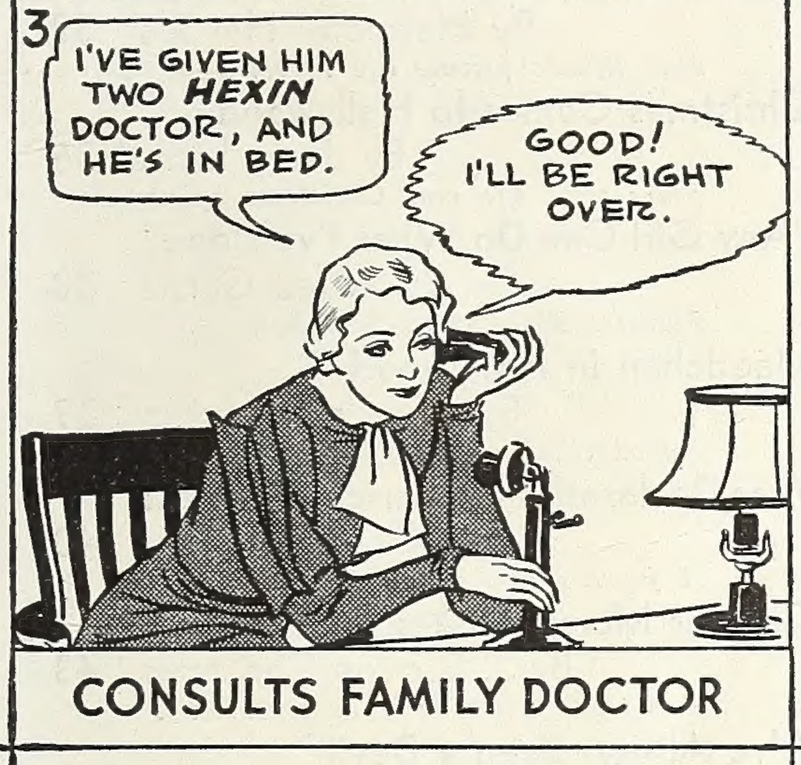


SENSIBLE HOME TREATMENT

Never Underestimate The Consequences of a Cold

● What will colds cost you and your family this winter? Unless you take every possible precaution, they may cost you hundreds of dollars, but how much more will they cost you in terms of disease and human suffering?

Reliable insurance statistics show that half of all disabling diseases start with a cold. Physicians know how quickly a cold can develop into Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sinus infections. Leaders in the medical profession say that a cold lowers your resistance to combat nearly all other dangerous disease organisms.



CONSULTS FAMILY DOCTOR

NEW WAY RELIEF

● Avoid drafts. Keep warm and dry. At the first sign of a cold take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Keep taking 1 tablet every hour until a total of 7 or 8 per day have been taken. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Eat moderately.

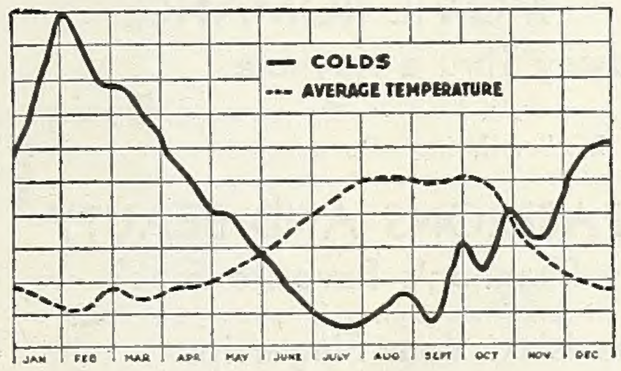
HEXIN relieves the congestion of colds safely by relaxing cramped muscles and reestablishing the healthful flow of blood to parts of your body which need strength to resist cold germs.

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Temperature and Colds



Above chart made from observations at a large university. The number of hours of sunshine per day also seemed to have great bearing on the number of colds.



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Vol. 23
No. 1

HOLLYWOOD

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

ARTHUR C. JANISCH
Assistant Editor



***Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in their treetop home for a scene in* Tarzan and His Mate**

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

●

THERE ARE AT least five important questions that confront every girl as she tries to cope with life and its many perplexities.

We have compiled a list of these questions and requested the one person in Hollywood best suited for the purpose to answer them—Mae West. Her advice on the difficult problems given in typically frank and intelligent fashion, will be published in the February issue of HOLLYWOOD, on sale at all news stands December 27th. Place an order with your news dealer for your copy now—you can't afford to miss this sensational story.

●

Mae West's story is but one of many similarly attractive features you'll find in the next issue of HOLLYWOOD. Many readers are telling us what they'd like to see in this magazine and we're doing our best to take care of every suggestion. Send us your ideas. Tell us what you'd like to read and see in *your* magazine.

The patterns of the stars' favorite frocks which are offered each month in HOLLYWOOD (see page 45) are proving exceptionally popular with fans. We would like to make this feature even more popular and would like your ideas on improving it.

What kind of dresses would you like featured in the pattern service? Sports apparel, afternoon dresses, frocks for business wear, formal or semi-formal gowns? Tell us what you like and we'll try to satisfy you.

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN
Western Editor

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Bing Crosby was loaned to appear with Marion Davies in* Going Hollywood *but soon will return to Paramount for another picture

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

●

BILLIE BURKE won a long-termer with Sam Goldwyn as a result of her clever portrayal in Metro's *Dinner at Eight* . . . Claudette Colbert stepped on a sharp stick and punctured her foot rather seriously while emoting in Honolulu . . . Cary Grant draws the stellar rôle in Paramount's version of *Murder in the Vanities* . . . Diana Wynyard is back from her London visit and awaiting start on her next task for Metro . . . Esther Ralston has just signed a long-term contract with the same studio . . . *Sailor Beware*, a musical, will be Jack Oakie's next . . . RKO-Radio plans to star Irene Dunne in *Her Excellency, the Governor.*

●

Mrs. Lionel Barrymore (Irene Fenwick) is recuperating after a serious attack of pneumonia . . . Sally Blane is home from Europe, all set to play in Twentieth Century's *Advice to the Lovelorn* . . . Now that the June Collyer-Stuart Erwin baby is old enough to be left with a nurse, June is again donning make-up . . . she's to be seen in Columbia's *House of Horrors* . . . S-h-h-h—! Garlic is Warner Baxter's favorite fruit . . . Charlie Ruggles bought a big ranch out in the San Fernando valley, but lost his nerve when it came time to break the news to his frau . . . a mere handshake took the place of the usual written contract when Jesse Lasky selected Gene Raymond for the lead in Fox's *Coming Out Party.*



ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

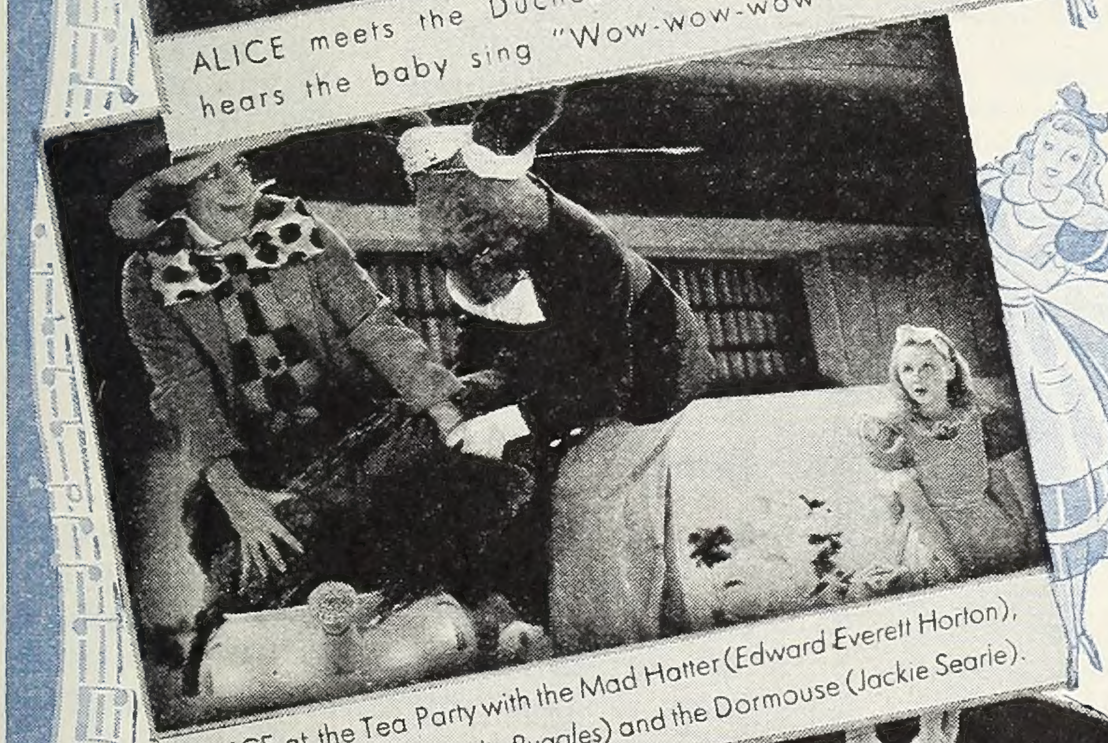
as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN · ROSCO ATES
GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA · W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · ROSCOE KARNS · MAE MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod



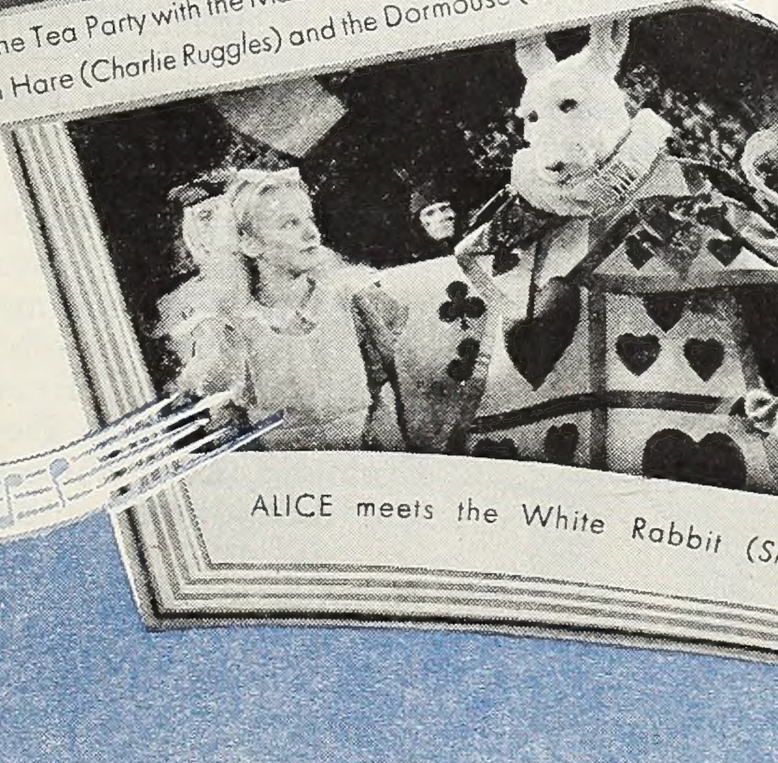
ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipwort) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow"



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searie).



ALICE . . . Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . It's the Best Show in Town

WHAT'S NEW on the SCREEN

A PREVIEW OF THE LATEST PICTURE OFFERINGS

Continued from page four



Lee Tracy and Jean Harlow in a tender moment from **Bombshell,** *her latest picture and in which she displays great gifts as a comédienne. It is a satirical travesty on Hollywood and the movies*

always functioning at its capable best.

George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Eugene Pallett, Hugh Herbert, Dorothy Burgess, Ken Murray and others of the large cast unit to make this a thrilling entertainment of the melodramatic sort.

A Chance at Heaven

● Here's an attractive little romance of the triangle variety that is bound to please. Joel McCrea is very much in love with his small town sweetheart, Ginger Rogers, until Marian Nixon, a wealthy gal from the big city, arrives and patronizes Joel's gas filling station. Joel and Marian marry but the marriage fails and Marian returns to her society life while Joel—well, you better see for yourself what he does.

Andy Devine supplies laughs to back up the splendid work of the principals. Lucien Littlefield, Virginia Hammond and George Meeker are other members of the supporting cast.

The Way to Love

● You'll probably recall Maurice Chevalier pictures you liked better but this story of a happy-go-lucky Parisian street gypsy will please you nevertheless. Maurice saves Ann Dvorak from the anger of her partner in a knife-throwing act which brings to Maurice all manner of amusing complications. Edward Everett Horton grabs plenty of the honors and others in the cast include Minna Gombell, Blanche Frederici, John Miljan, Grace Bradley and George Rigas.

Goodbye Love

● Charles Ruggles contributes one of his drunken characterizations with typical skill but otherwise there is little to recommend *Goodbye Love.* It is a story of two men and their difficulties with alimony seeking wives and a case of mistaken identity. Sidney Blackmer, Veree Teasdale, Mayo Methot and Phyllis Barry, the latter doing very well with a small part, comprise the cast.

The Mad Game

● Here's one you won't walk out on. Spencer Tracy, gangster chief, is released from prison and immediately starts to break up the kidnaping activities into which his gang has drifted. Spence does a compelling, mighty piece of work and will win your sympathy in this timely picture.

Claire Trevor is a girl reporter who delivers her part forcefully as does J. Carroll Naish. Ralph Morgan, John Miljan, Kathleen Burke, Matt McHugh and others also appear.

The Prizefighter and the Lady

● Having read the fictionization of this great picture in December HOLLYWOOD you know it was bound to be fascinating entertainment. It is. There is the swellest ring fight ever screened, with Primo Carnera and Max Baer trading punches while Jack Dempsey referees. To lead up to the fight is a fast-moving, romantic story with Myrna Loy, Otto Kruger and others delivering in customary fine style. You won't find a moment that your interest lags so by all means see this.

White Woman

● A fanciful story of a man, Charles Laughton, who has established his own kingdom on a river in the Malay Archipelago. When he learns Carole Lombard, in the title rôle, is about to be deported, he makes her his wife—and then she falls in love with Kent Taylor, one of the many criminals ruled by the "king" in his domain. A native uprising provides a sensational climax.

Female

● For the fans who have been complaining about the stories Ruth Chatterton has been cast in lately, this film is recommended highly. She gives a sparkling interpretation of a dual-sided woman—head of a manufacturing concern during the day, at night dangerously feminine. Many amusing and dramatic moments mark the film and it's well worth your attention. George Brent is worthy of praise in the leading male rôle and others of the excellent cast include Johnny Mack Brown, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Laura Hope Crews, Ruth Donnelly, Lois Wilson, Gavin Gordon and Kenneth Thompson.

A Man's Castle

● Probably the general public won't go very strong for *A Man's Castle* but it will make a big hit with the idealist. Spencer Tracy, a rough-and-ready philosopher, falls in love

with a girl, Loretta Young, whom he has taken into his shanty to shelter. Romance and beauty of characterization stamps this as a "different" picture with the two principals at their best. Glenda Farrell, Walter Connolly, Arthur Hohl and Marjorie Rambeau give excellent support.

Watch for These Pictures

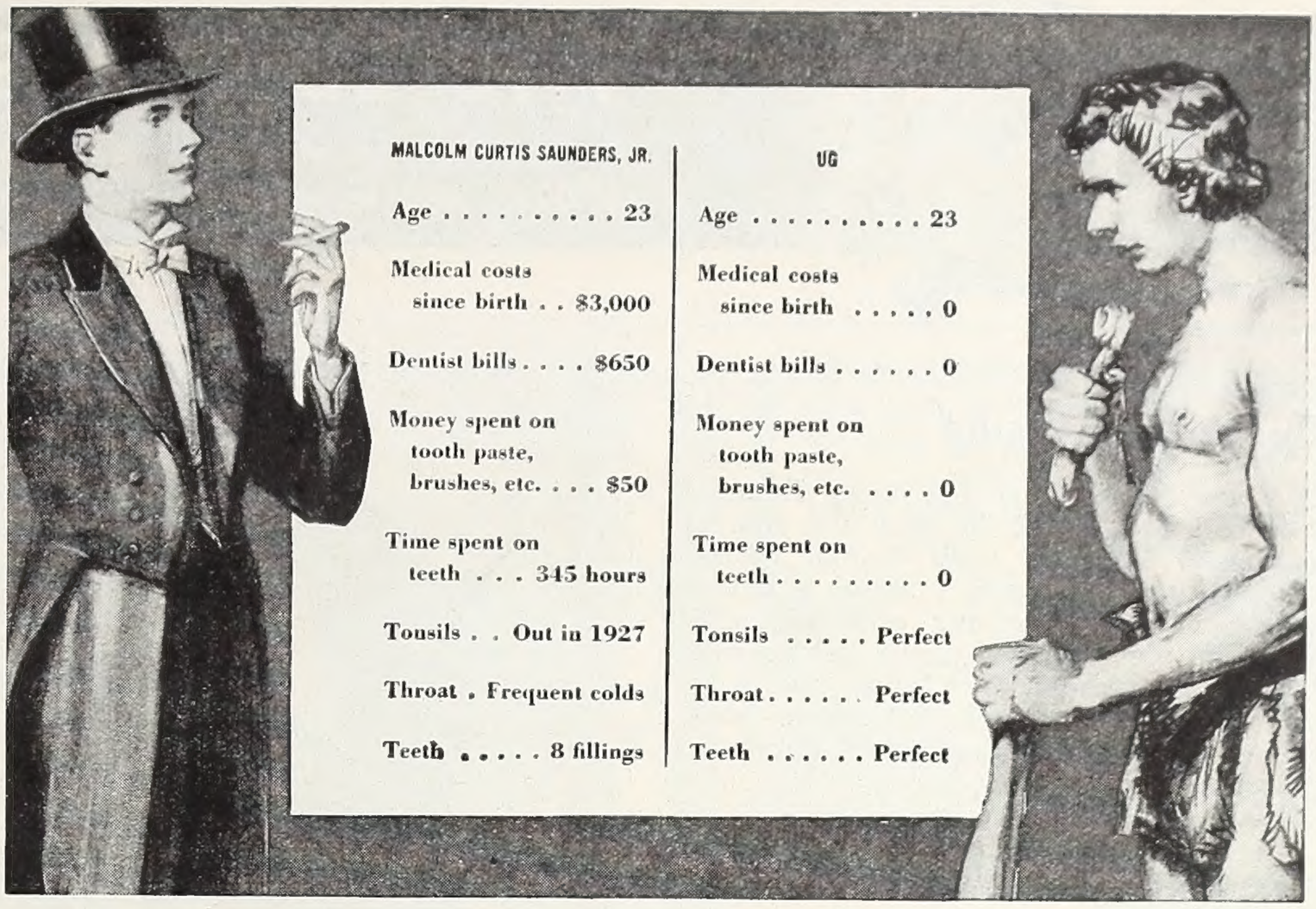
● *Seven Lives Were Changed,* with Heather Angel and Norman Foster . . . *House of Murder,* Ralph Bellamy, June Collyer . . . *The Criminal Within,* Mary Brian, Bradley Page . . . *I am Suzanne,* starring Lilian Harvey . . . *Jimmy and Sally,* James Dunn and Claire Trevor . . . *Sleepers East,* with Wynne Gibson and Harvey Stephens . . . Laurel and Hardy's newest comedy, *Sons of the Desert* . . . *Tarzan and His Mate,* featuring Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan . . . *Queen Christina,* starring Greta Garbo and John Gilbert . . . *The Hollywood Party,* with Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and countless others.

More for Your Datebook

● Ramón Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald in *The Cat and the Fiddle* . . . Marion Davies in *Going Hollywood* . . . Lionel Barrymore and Alice Brady in *The Vinegar Tree* . . . Charlotte Henry and an imposing cast of stars in *Alice in Wonderland* . . . Cecil B. DeMille's *Four Frightened People,* featuring Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and others . . . Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and George Raft in *All of Me* . . . *Eight Girls in a Boat,* with Dorothy Wilson and Douglass Montgomery . . . Jack Oakie and Thelma Todd in *Sitting Pretty* and Charles Farrell and Marguerite Churchill in *The Girl Without a Room.*

Other Futures

● Francis Lederer in *Man of Two Worlds* . . . Walter Huston in *Rodney* . . . John Barrymore in *The Long Lost Father* . . . Katharine Hepburn in *Trigger* . . . ZaSu Pitts and Pert Kelton in *Once Over Lightly* . . . Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in *Hips, Hips Hooray* . . . *Moulin Rouge,* starring Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone . . . Loretta Young in *Born to be Bad* . . . *Advice to the Lovelorn* by Lee Tracy and Sally Blane . . . Ann Harding in *Gallant Lady* . . . Jimmy Durante in *Joe Palooka* . . . Eddie Cantor's *Roman Scandals* . . . Anna Sten in *Nana* . . . John Barrymore in *Counsellor at Law* . . . *By Candlelight* with Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi . . . John Boles and Gloria Stuart in *Beloved* . . . Edmund Lowe and Onslow Stevens in *Bombay Mail* . . . Richard Barthelmess in *Massacre.*



What *Malcolm Curtis Saunders, Jr.* can learn from *Ug*

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

The debutantes would prefer Malcolm. So would we all. But Ug knew some things Malcolm doesn't. Ug never saw a dentist. Although he never brushed his teeth (!!) they were always firm and white.

At forty Malcolm will have to pay for some fancy bridge work, but at forty Ug's teeth were still strong, without even one cavity.

Ug, you see, ate hard grains, tough roots and raw meat and that hard chewing kept his mouth *naturally* healthy, his teeth clean. Alas, the young man of today exercises on golf links and tennis courts but doesn't know that he must chew to exercise his mouth, to make it keep itself healthy.

But at last we know what to do about it. Dentyne has exactly the right consistency to give the mouth the proper exercise. It makes the mouth keep itself healthy — and it keeps the teeth white. Every single day you should chew Dentyne. This is as important as any other daily health habit. And Dentyne is delicious. Here is an easy delightful way to keep the mouth healthy — the teeth white.

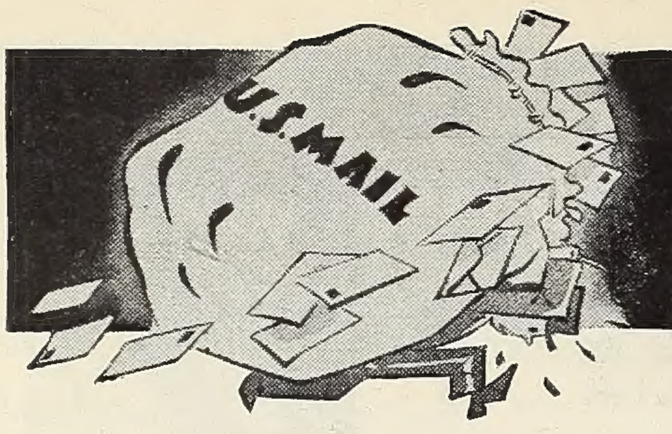
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Chew delicious

Dentyne



KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE



THE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

An open forum in which readers express their views on stars and pictures.
$5.00 is paid to each of the five best letters received each month

Connie's Wonderful

MANY PEOPLE CALL Constance Bennett bad because of the way she acts in pictures. Anyone with human sense should know that is only acting and this acting is done for our entertainment. What do we do know about her private life? I do know one thing—she is a wonderful actress and is hard to beat. Give us more of Constance Bennett's pictures.
($5.00 Letter)

NINA TRONCALE,
4008 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

Success For Alice Brady

WE ALL know how Alice Brady "clicked" in the rôles assigned her in *When Ladies Meet* and *Beauty for Sale*, but somehow it seems a pity that such exceptional talent as hers should be wasted on such rôles.

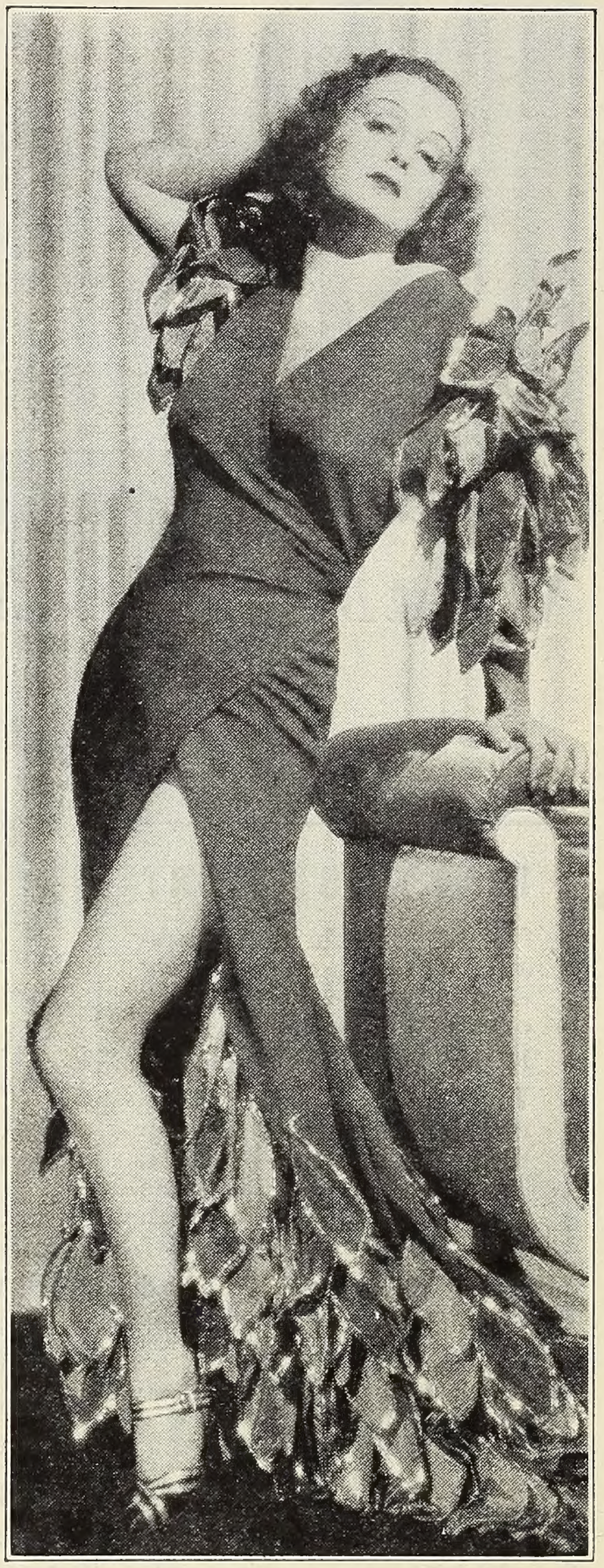
I rather fear that the playing of half-moronic characters will retard her rapid ascent on the ladder of screen fame since, in spite of our appreciation of her interpretation of such characters, she will gradually become stamped upon our consciousness as a sort of nit-wit, whereas her rise to the top should be meteoric if she is cast regularly in rôles depicting clever and intelligent women.
($5.00 Letter)

MARA COLLINS,
1020 Beville Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Beauty Not Needed

I CAN'T SEE WHERE people get the idea you can't be a movie star unless you have good looks. Look at Ruby Keeler. She hasn't much in the way of looks, it's her acting that makes me like to go and see her pictures. I don't believe I saw anything better than *42nd Street*. In *Gold Diggers of 1933* nobody could have played her part any better, not even as good.
($5.00 Letter)

PAULINE LUCAS,
Mill St. Ext., Tarentin, Pa.



Judith Allen, who appears in* The Thundering Herd *with Randolph Scott

Turner. She is a very versatile and gifted actress and her part in *Sarah and Son*, one of her greatest successes, is the type of thing in which her appeal is most pronounced. I hope that in the future actresses who can depict only the *Lilly Turner* type successfully will be relegated to those rôles, and Miss Chatterton will be given better material.
($5.00 Letter)

MRS. W. H. VOSKUIL,
Urbana, Ill.

Ramon's Merry Twinkle

WHY don't we see more pictures of Ramón Novarro? He could easily be the most popular male star on the screen if he cared to be. His unspoiled boyishness is what makes his acting so good and that merry twinkle in his eyes is unforgettable. It's stars like Ramón that make us feel glad of life and put a certain longing in our hearts.

MRS. JOHN R. HALL,
928 Nicholas St., Henderson, N. C.

A Friend of Jean's

I AM A REAL FRIEND to Jean Harlow. I have been corresponding with her for years. All the letters have been written personally by her. She is a darling and a real sweet girl. I count Jean among the real superb actresses of motion pictures. I have known Jean for years and the girl has not changed, except to broaden as is natural in the course of time. She is and has been delightfully feminine, amazingly intelligent, intoxicatingly lovely and abundantly blessed with charm, innate good breeding and unselfishness.

JOSE ANTONIO VELAZQUEZ,
P. O. Box 3711, Santurce, Porto Rico.

To Leslie Howard

PLEASE listen to the plea of an admiring fan of yours. I am representing many who feel the same way about you. We don't want you to return to the New York Stage, or even to dear old London. We're just a bit jealous, perhaps, and feel you belong to us alone.



Wally and Marie, real people

None Like Them

MARIE DRESSLER and Wallace Beery—such a team! The swellest ever mated. There have been teams such as Gaynor and Farrell, Eilers and Dunn, but never one like Dressler and Beery. They are so human—just like real people we meet every day on the streets. May they play in many, many more pictures together. ($5.00 Letter)

LORENE NEWTON,
Elm Springs, Ark.

A New Deal For Chatterton

IT IS DIFFICULT to understand why Ruth Chatterton should be seen in a succession of parts similar to that of *Lilly*



Ruth, versatile and gifted

I should like very much to see you starred with Elissa Landi, just once. Then go back to playing with charming Ann Harding. I feel that both of these lovely women deserve working with as fine an actor as yourself.

BRYAN WALLER,
222 So. Rampart Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Plea For Accuracy

HUH, I AM WRITING yuh from way down in Luzianna. Please, that isn't the way we talk, so instead of so many taking up foreign languages, get just a few to study southern accent, or have some of them c'mup and see us sometime and see for themselves how ridiculous they sound on the screen, talking with the terrible drawl they use as in *Arizona to Broadway*.

RUBYE EARNEST,
Bunkie, La.

Humanizing The Stars

I APPRECIATE your "humanizing" the stars. For instance, the recent story on Marie Dressler. Brother, that write-up made a lump in my throat—and I believe I'm as hard-boiled as the average. From having lived in and near Hollywood and with several acquaintances in the movie game, I know that all the stars are not namby-pamby nincompoops. After all, they are human beings—and darn' likable ones. Of all the filthy, degrading stories which are circulated about screen players—it makes my blood boil! HOLLYWOOD Magazine is certainly doing its share in dispelling those disgusting rumors and gossip by letting the public see the stars as they are off and on the silver sheet. More power to you.

VERNON CADWELL BARNETT,
127 E. Brookes Ave.,
San Diego, Calif.

Right

WHILE SEEING *42nd Street*, in which my most appreciated star, Bebe Daniels, appeared, my attention turned to watching Ruby Keeler for I found her so charming, so lovely, that heedless of Bebe I only had eyes to admire that girl. This is not the only picture or player in which this has happened to me. This reveals that notwithstanding you have an artist whom you like best, another one, even when less important and unknown to you, can easily gain your admiration so deeply as to make you forget the presence of your favorite movie star, which of course, doesn't mean you no longer admire that of your choice. Am I wrong?

CARLOS E. BARASOAIN,
Pedro Lozano 5668, Buenos Aires,
Argentina, S. A.

Clark As A Fighter

CARK GABLE is not only a great lover but he has a good punch. Why doesn't he star in some fight pictures? Thelma Todd is my favorite and I want to see her make good. I wish this reducing idea would sink to the bottom of the ocean and never come up.

WILLIAM WALDMANN,
Overland, Mo.

Please turn to page fifty-two

How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood



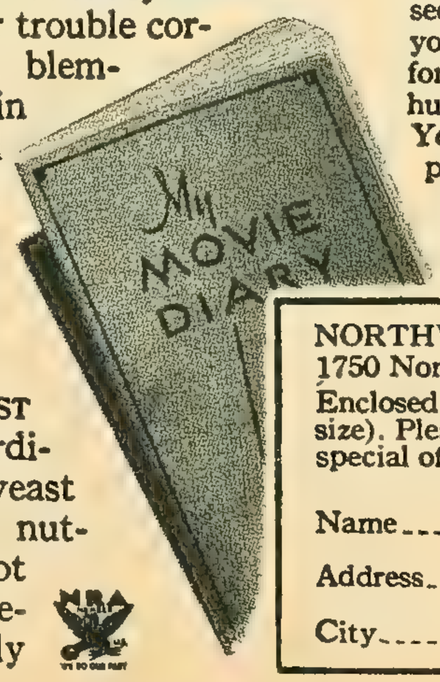
WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Betty's skin, they should do for yours. A blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. This yeast has a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And it cannot cause fermentation because it is scientifically pasteurized. Many American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

FREE TO MOVIE FANS!

Here's something every movie fan goes wild about. A brand new Movie Diary! Think how many times you have asked yourself: "What was the name of that picture?" "Who played in it?" "Where did I see it?" Here you can keep a record of everything you want to remember. Room for 66 pictures! Also for "Pictures I Intend to See." Another section tells hundreds of fascinating "Facts About the Stars." Yet the Diary is small enough to carry in your pocket or purse.



You can get the Movie Diary absolutely free! Just send an empty carton of YEAST FOAM TABLETS (50c size) with the coupon below.

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1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed find an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton (50c size). Please send me the new Movie Diary as per your special offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by
W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine



The PUBLISHER'S PAGE



Marlene Dietrich

Life's Irony

When Marlene Dietrich returned from Europe, newspaper reporters quoted her as saying she never had heard of Mae West when they questioned her about various matters in interest, including her opinion of Mae West fashions. Marlene, however, claims she was misquoted; that she had said she had never heard of Mae West fashions.

Now they aren't one bit chummy and Mae, who wrote a screen story especially for Marlene, probably will sell it to a rival studio.

But that is not all! The story, designed for a mysterious, glamorous foreign personality, may star none other than Greta Garbo!



Charlie Chaplin

Charlie and Herr Hitler

Herr Hitler cohorts are excited about—Charlie Chaplin's mustache! One version is that Charlie jokingly said he would not wear his mustache again because he might be mistaken for Hitler. Another is that the Nazi demands he stop wearing it because it ridicules the majestic person of their dictator.

Charlie wore his mustache long before Hitler became majestic and the tumult probably bothers him little—although it undoubtedly will affect German distribution of his films.

It is amusing—if not alarming, to consider how little it takes to start an argument these days. Wars have been started over less than the Chaplin-Hitler mustache farce.

W. C. Fields says the NRA is doing a great job in the picture business. Now, instead of dummies, extras will have to be placed in cars to be driven over cliffs and thrown from burning buildings.

Ben Fields, husband of Blossom Seeley, says his bit in Broadway Thru a Keyhole *will make more money than any other scene in the film. Because they're cutting it up for mandolin picks!*



Richard Dix

Habits and Marriage

Perennial Bachelors, whether they are movie stars or smalltown business men, are not good matrimonial risks as a rule. They have become too set in their ways to change.

Hollywood believes that is why the Richard Dix-Winifred Coe marriage failed. He was generous in their separation settlements and they are truly good friends now. The same applies to William Powell and Carole Lombard. Both Dix and Powell were women-fearing, confirmed bachelors before their marriages.

The eternal triangle does not always figure in Hollywood divorces. Very often the marital failures occur because the participants are merely human beings.



Blossom Seeley

Too Many Cooks

Here Is A Man who astounds Hollywood with the theory that scenario writers should be considered important. He deplores the practice of having half a dozen writers give separate treatments to a single story and says that if one competent writer can't make a worthwhile screen story out of his brain child nobody can. The man is Ray Long—editorial genius for years with *Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

Perhaps if Mr. Long is permitted to put into practice his revolutionary ideas, writers will be able to recognize their work when it reaches the screen—and the movie-going public will experience some pleasant entertainment surprises. Too many cooks sometimes do spoil the broth.

Barbara Frietchie is in the movies but because nobody would believe that is her true name she will be known as Barbara Adams. She is not related to the Civil War heroine.

Ethel Greer, whose 637 pounds will be seen in Hoopla, *advises girls not to worry about their figures. Her 143-pound husband recently told her he was glad she wasn't skinny like Kate Smith.*



Bing Crosby

A Neat Artifice

Time After Time a director has injected a "hot" sequence into a picture only to have it ordered deleted by studio executives who know the scenes haven't a chance of passing the censors.

Now a happy solution has been found. In a sequence of Bing Crosby's *Too Much Harmony,* a windstorm is supposed to whip most of the clothes off a bevy of beautiful girls. Lingerie flies everywhere and the censors most certainly would not permit a view of the girls as the camera caught them after the wind finished its work. So—the girls appear behind a placard labeled "Censored!"

Neat, what? And a spur to the imagination.



Mae West

Progress

The Hollywood première of *I'm No Angel* was a refreshing treat for the stay-at-homes if for no other reason that they were spared the ordeal of hearing "It's a grand picture—I'm having a grand time—wish you were here" from every star that stepped before the radio mike. Since the première became a Hollywood institution stars have been making that same ga-ga speech but for Mae West's opening Paramount's gag men wrote the clever greetings delivered by stars from that studio.

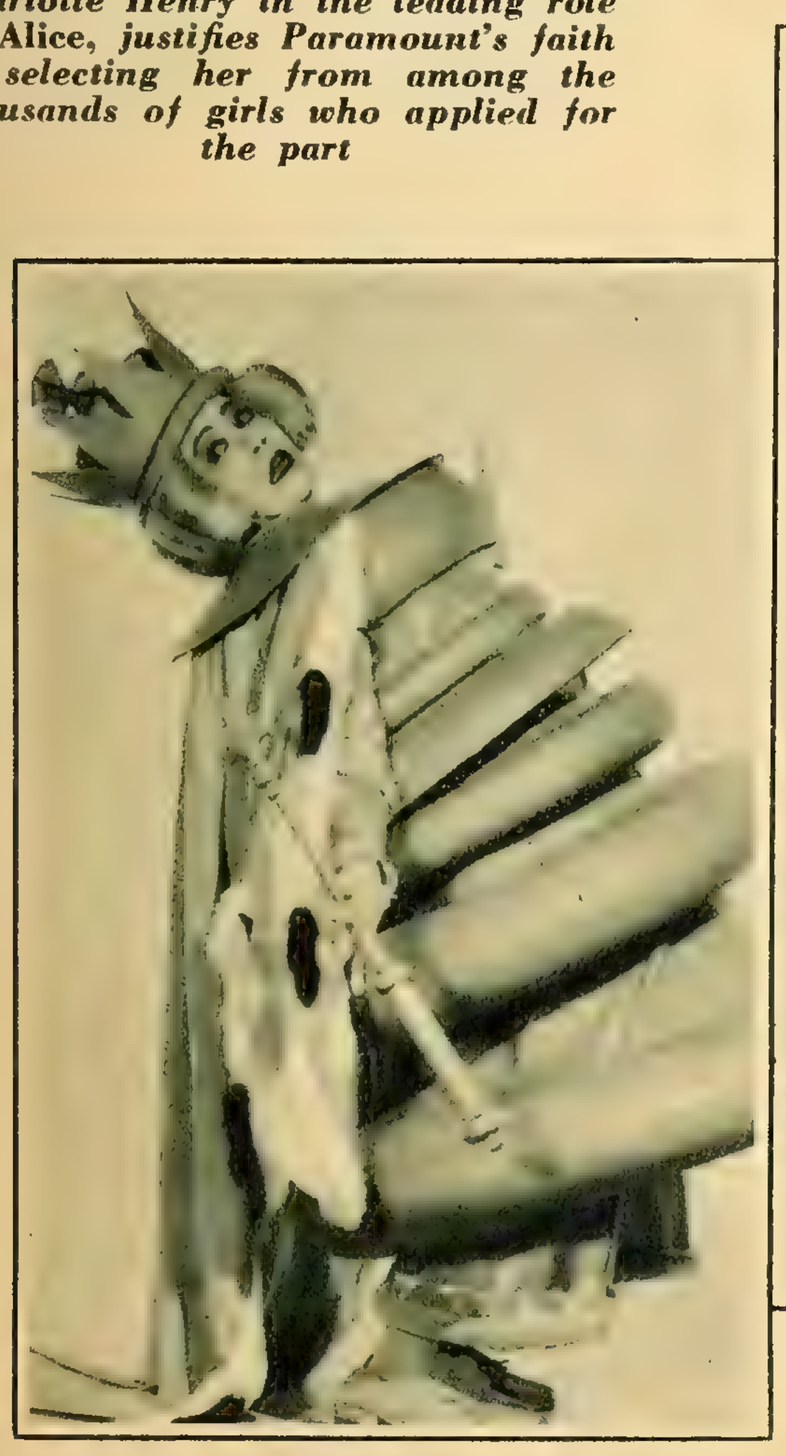
Few actors have the ability to make clever extemporaneous speeches. Given a prepared speech they can put it over big. Let us hope the practice continues.

Thru the Looking Glass with ALICE in WONDERLAND

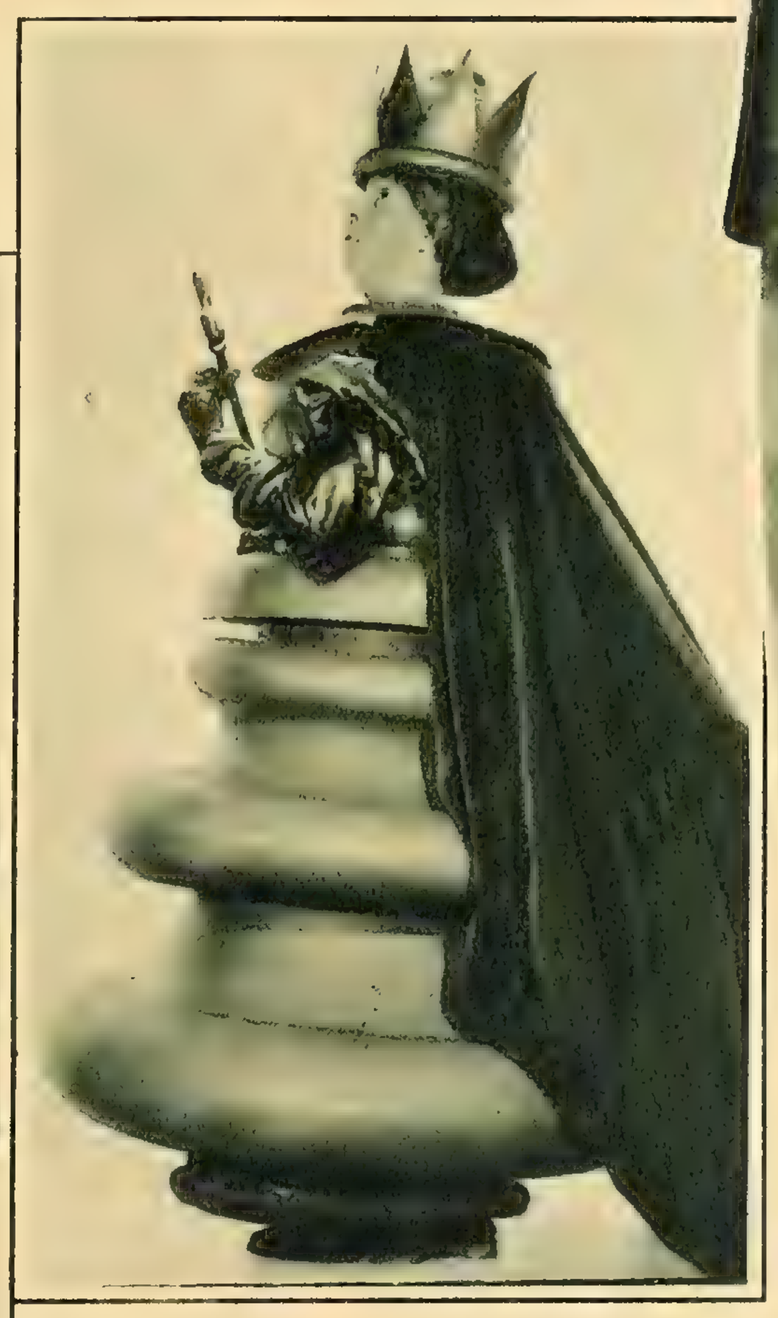
An advance glimpse of the fascinating characters you will meet in the screen version of the famous story



Charlotte Henry in the leading rôle of* Alice, *justifies Paramount's faith in selecting her from among the thousands of girls who applied for the part



Louise Fazenda is perfectly cast as the White Queen. Her costume, as well as those worn by the other fantastic characters, is made of rubber



Meet the Duchess — none other than Alison Skipworth! The list of other stars in the picture reads like a list of Who's Who in Hollywood

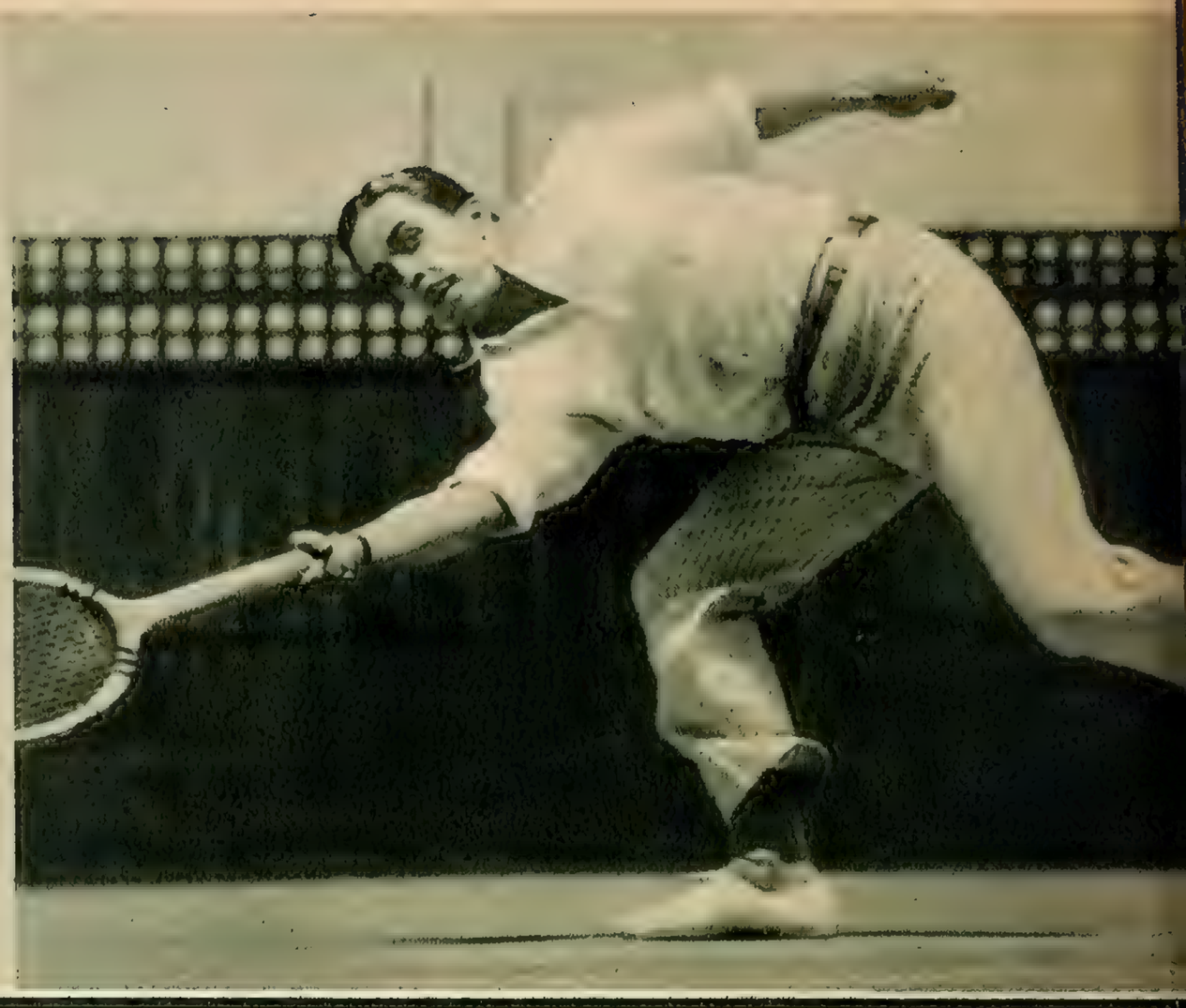


Edward Everett Horton brings a striking reality to the Mad Hatter of the unforgettable fantasy

A noted author gives his amazing analysis of Sex and Romance in Movieland!

by
DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE

Author of "Millie," "John Bartel, Jr.," and "Female"



Ramón Novarro is extremely popular with the fair sex in Hollywood but he is the exception to the rule that the passion of men for athletics is one of the reasons for Hollywood's sex-starvation

Why LOVE is Doomed



—*Freulich*

Beauties, such as Kay Hughes, wearing the scantiest garb imaginable are a commonplace at the studios but despite this Hollywood is the most sexless town in the world!

A Bevy Of Chorus Girls in outfits that would make a beach patrolman reach for his measuring tape strolled along the studio path.

On a nearby stage, a red haired star stepped under the glare of giant lights, faced an audience of fifty odd technicians, laborers and actors, and wearing little more than it would take to cover a couple of postage stamps, played a scorching love scene with a handsome young leading man.

Sex, one might say, in a big way.

As a matter of fact, for all its undraped beauties and passionate screen embraces, Hollywood is the most sexless town in the world. It has more sex appeal decorating its stages, walking its boulevards and adorning the nearby beaches than any other place of its size, bar none. Nevertheless, it is a sex-starved community.

● One hears of wild parties and gay orgies in the home of the talking flickers. Divorce stories and scandal yarns make beautiful black headlines. Pictures of scantily attired ladies of name and fame thrill males from Podunk to Cairo. It's a rare film that one of our more shapely cinema queens gets through without a bit of undressing for audience enjoyment.

That's one side of the Hollywood scene. It's the side that goes out for public consumption. No one can accuse Hollywood of not taking advantage of the commercial angles of sex appeal, or the newspapers of playing down the sensational stories that occasionally break.

But in its private life, Hollywood is about as chaste as an Olympic athlete in training.

Certainly there are a few wild parties. Of course there are love affairs. But there isn't as much wild partying and cheating going on in the film city as there is in the average small town, where half the husbands are chasing some other fellow's wife.

The newcomer to Hollywood will find the picture folk a deal more interested in keeping fit to hold down their jobs than they are in dallying with the flesh pots.

The visiting male will be warned to wear his overcoat



—*Ernest Bachrach*

Sari Maritza and Robert Young may indulge in love scenes for the cameras without comment but after an innocent appearance in public together gossip will have them engaged

←

→

—*Ernest Bachrach*

Gene Raymond and Dolores Del Rio in a love scene from* Flying Down to Rio. *The making of movies discourages romance says Donald Henderson Clarke



in HOLLYWOOD!

when he goes out in the evening. He will be told of dangerous changes of climate, and will listen too long, if not learned discussions on the central foci of infection. He will know within ten minutes which is the sportiest golf course in the vicinity, he will be advised by all means to go to the Hollywood Bowl concerts, and he will hear a lecture on the benefits of sun baths.

Finally, he will be asked if he wants a girl. He can take his choice, so far as type is concerned, his host will assure him. Redheads, blondes and brunettes, all of them beautiful, are available.

If he says "no," the host's eyes will brighten, and a vast relief will show on his face.

Like a good fellow, he was just trying to do his hospitable duty. No personal enthusiasm was connected with his offer to arrange a party. He will swing immediately into the newest story about the dumb supervisor, go on describing the non-feminine charms of Hollywood, or hurry his guest off to a tennis match.

● Naturally, even the busiest Hollywoodians have their moments of relaxation, and they don't spend all of them listening to concerts or sunning themselves on apartment house roofs.

Fans read about Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres stepping out at the Grove, Jack Oakie squiring Mary Brian at the Mirimar Club, and Franchot Tone dining Joan Crawford at the Brown Derby. It's true, as I've seen them myself.

I've also been to a few Hollywood parties. I came home from one of them so tired I could scarcely walk. It was a veritable orgy. First there was tennis, hours of it, under the arcs of a lighted court. Then there was a swim in the pool. After that, the crowd broke up into ping pong twosomes, chess duos, and parchesi cliques.

Warner Baxter walked off with the tennis laurels, John Monk Saunders showed the way to the other swimmers, and Fay Wray copped the ping pong championship. I lost the price of a dinner at parchesi.

● Its passion for sports is one of the answers to Hollywood's sex starvation.

As a still beautiful character actress who is approaching middle age remarked: "these athletic chaps seldom make good lovers. All they are interested in is their handsome bodies. They wear themselves out with their sport stunts and haven't any energy left for making love. To be an accomplished lover is an art. The Hollywood men have neglected that art."

Lest some young athletic star take offense at that, it might be well to call attention to the old saying that exceptions prove the rule.

Whether or not he was an accomplished Romeo, Joel McCrea, before his marriage to Frances Dee, was one of the most popular young blades with the film colony's fair sex. This same McCrea is also one of the leading athletes. He rides, swims, plays tennis, and in his college days he used to toss the discus out of the township.

One day I saw him leave a set at the RKO-Radio studios with an unexpected half day of freedom ahead of him.

"Where are you bound?" Bill Seiter asked him.

"Beach," McCrea answered. "Johnny Weissmuller and I are going to have a swim."

That's the young man about Hollywood's typical afternoon off.

That leads right up to the principal reason Hollywood's sex life isn't all it might be. There are mighty few afternoons off for the real topnotchers in the business.

● To the newcomer, the demands the screen makes upon the time and energies of its workers is almost incredible. Naturally, the strain is most intense upon those in the creative end of the business. Executives seldom leave their desks before eight or nine o'clock, and buring the midnight oil is often a figure of speech only in so far as the oil is concerned.

Actors and actresses have to be up at six o'clock to meet their nine o'clock calls. The day's shooting usually

Please turn to page forty-nine

FRANCIS LEDERER

Man of Two Worlds



***Francis Lederer in real life (left) and madeup for* Man of Two Worlds**

STARTLING WHITENESS—that was your first thought. Could *anything* be as bleak and desolate as this, with blue-shadowed icebergs looming along the skyline?

The blazing California sun slid into non-existence the moment you stepped through the door of that mammoth RKO sound stage. Thermometers registered ninety degrees outside. But the illusion on the massive white set was so great you could swear those frozen fingers of the north had touched your face.

Giant Eskimo dogs frolicked at one end. A sharp command and they were silenced. An Eskimo mother hushed the plaintive wail of her baby. The wind machines were set in motion and the subdued group stood immobile watching Death linger over one of the crags. The greatest walrus hunter of them all lay dying. A man who had tasted of civilization—and found it empty. A man hung between two worlds . . .

Francis Lederer.

Strange that he should select such a characterization for his first starring vehicle in Hollywood. And yet, perhaps not so strange. Because this young Czecho-Slovakian who has captured the imagination of two continents *is* a man of two worlds. His own story is even more amazing, more poignant, than the one he portrays . . .

It starts against the drab background of the poorer section in Prague. From some Magyar forefather he inherited his sole fortune—a tremendous capacity for *living*. And from a Bohemian ancestress that touch of charm which brooks all obstacles. Otherwise Francis Lederer would have remained plugging along in the colorless sphere in which he was born. Crowded tenements. Drudgery with little or no amusements. Movies were taboo. Books were taboo—with the exception of dry school books.

Recently a prominent social leader in New York cornered him at a wrestling match held for the benefit of her pet charity.

"Truly, Mr. Lederer, with that magnificent physique of yours, you could go in there and do battle yourself!"

He looked at her oddly for a moment, then said simply: "Until I was thirteen, wrestling was the only recreation I had . . ."

She couldn't understand, of course, a life so curiously remote from her own. Couldn't envision a childhood with only stolen moments of fun—and marked by two tragedies. The separation of his parents when he was nine and the death of an elder brother in the war. He'd been just a boy, that brother, caught in a cruel machine.

His first theatrical job was to lend "atmosphere" by cleaning shelves while the featured players went through their action. Now cleaning shelves was a bit of business with which Francis was entirely familiar. He did that frequently in the small dry goods shop where he worked during the day. So each night he played that extra part as if it were a real one, giving comedy touches to motions that were ordinary to him. And the audience laughed not at the stars but at the boy!

They took him off in a hurry—but one of the actors had begun to be interested in him.

Please turn to page sixty-five

Francis Lederer, sensational newcomer, presents a strange dual personality!

by JERRY LANE

New Portraits

Fascinating camera studies of favorite stars in selected poses



Baby LeRoy

Some guardian angel was watching over Baby LeRoy and his widowed mother and gave him a chance to be a movie star. The rest was up to Baby LeRoy and did he make good! His latest is *Tillie and Gus* with W. C. Fields



Miriam Hopkins

Apparently Miriam's *Design for Living* is work and more work. At any rate, after finishing the picturization of the new Noel Coward play of that title, she immediately started work on *All of Me* with George Raft and Fredric March

Two stellar pupils of the charm school whose talents and beauty distinguish any picture in which they appear



Florine McKinney

—Russell Ball

Among the younger players, Florine shows great promise in *The Hollywood Party*



Glenda Farrell

—Irving Lippman

With typical finesse, Glenda makes sin doubly attractive in her expert delineation of the siren in *A Man's Castle*. Funny things, movies. Glenda in real life, devoted to her son, is not at all like her screen self

Intimate, late portraits of favorite stars as photographed by Hollywood's master camera artists





Thelma White

—Ernest A. Bachrach

Thelma is aptly cast in *Blonde Poison,* for this alluring comèdienne certainly deals a lethal potion to the blues. She is also to be seen with Wheeler and Woolsey in *Hips, Hips, Hooray*

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone

—Hurrell

Romance, as personified by Joan and Franchot in pictures, will find its culmination in real life for this attractive couple when Joan's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks Jr. becomes final, according to those professing to be in the know. Joan and Franchot appear together in *Dancing Lady*



Jackie Cooper

—*Earl Crowley*

If Santa brings Jackie a new gun this clever youngster will be happy for his penchant is the collecting of fire-arms. He is right in his element in *Pardners*, a thrilling story of the great open spaces



Ida Lupino

Ida didn't win the coveted leading rôle of *Alice in Wonderland* after traveling all the way from England to make the test but she was immediately given a contract. Her first appearance will be in *Search for Beauty* and she probably will appear in Bing Crosby's next picture

thru a Keyhole

Sensational story of night club romance and gangsters

"Through a friend of my sister's."
"And the friend's name?" the Judge questioned.
"Frank Rocci. Perhaps you know him."
The judge's lip curled.
"Yes. I guess we've all heard of Frank Rocci."
"But I don't even know him," Joan explained.
Richie looked incredulous. "He got you into this club and you don't even know him? That doesn't quite make sense."
"It's the truth just the same," she said and darted down the passageway. "See you later. Got to change my costume now," she called over her shoulder.

● On subsequent evenings, Richie happened to frequent the passageway when Joan was likely to be passing through. Frequently, too, in a playful gesture he would grab her by the arm and run his pudgy fingers the full length of the pink, velvety skin from the shoulder to the hand.
"You've got arms like a baby," he would say with a chuckle.
Although Joan instinctively withdrew from his touch she remembered Tex's advice about offending good customers. One night the amorous judge met her with a bouquet of orchids.
"Oh, they're just too lovely," she cried holding them to her face.
"They remind me of you," said Richie. "You're orchidaceous yourself. But wait till you see what is buried in the bouquet."
Joan saw a package nestling in the blossoms and started to take it out.
"No, no, little girl. Not now, wait till you get to your dressing room."
"Oh, they're just too sweet for anything," she said as Richie patted her hand.
Tex was with her when the girl unwrapped the package disclosing a jewelled bracelet. Joan's face flushed with pleasure.
"Oh, Tex, look at this! Judge Richie gave it to me! It's just too beautiful—but of course I can't accept it."
Tex examined the bracelet and handed it back to Joan.
"Look here, Joan, you're new in this racket and you're doin' swell. Now I'm going to give you some advice. That's all hooey about a sucker being born every minute. They come few and far between. Another thing—nobody



Frank Rocci, one of Manhattan's most powerful gangsters, was president of the "Poultry Protective Association." If poultry dealers paid they were protected from Rocci's sinister henchmen

ever died from platinum poisoning. Joan, you're a ga-ga type, and the ga-gas are going very big this season—worse luck for gals built on my lines."

Tex held out her heavy braceleted arms for inspection.

"Someday these will look awfully snappy around the old ladies' home. And remember I didn't get them for shaking my head sideways. Now do you still want to give this back to that old sap?"

"Yes, Tex, I do."

"Well, that's one for Ripley," said the night club hostess with a gesture of despair.

● Joan had told the truth when she said that she did not know Frank Rocci whose influence had placed her in the notorious establishment conducted by the equally notorious Tex Kaley. She remembered as a child that Frank had been a friend of her elder sister, that he was regarded as one of the bad boys of the neighborhood and that there had been rumors of his traveling with a gang of racketeers.

But she did not know that he had developed into one of the most powerful gangsters in Manhattan, that he was none other than president of the "Poultry Protective Association" which levelled a sizeable assessment on dealers in poultry who wished to assure the safe delivery of their fowl.

Esther had asked Frank to place her sister in some show and for various reasons Frank's word was law in the Tex Kaley establishment. Joan was well set as one of the club cuties when Rocci and Chuck, his ever-present bodyguard, along with Sybil Smith, Chuck's sweetie, dropped in to see the floor show.

Rocci paid no attention to the idle conversation of his companions, his entire interest being centered on the girl at the end of the line. Presently Tex came to their table.

"Hello, Tex," Rocci exclaimed. "Say, who's that kid on the end?"

Tex was half of the opinion that he was spoofing.

"I've been wondering ever since you sent her around," she said. "Old Judge Richie wanted to give her a service stripe in the form of a bracelet but she passed it up, poor little simp. You ought at least to know her name seeing that you sent her here."

Rocci regarded the girl with increased attention.

"So that's Joan Whelan, is it? I thought she didn't look like one of your girls."

Tex sat up straight and placed one hand on her hip. "Please, Mr. Rocci, my reputation."

"Never mind about your reputation, send Joan over here after this number."

● Flushed and animated, her brown eyes sparkling with friendliness, Joan seated herself beside Rocci.

"I wasn't sure it was you, Frank. It's so long since I've seen you, years and years."

"How about a little drink to start us off right?" Rocci replied with a smile.

"No, thanks," said Joan. "I wanted so much to see you and to thank you for all you've done."

Frank surveyed the girl appraisingly, an expression of approval in his eyes. "Supposing you get your street things and we'll go places."

Rocci's idea of going places was a limousine drive to his garishly ornate apartment where neither the walls nor the Japanese butler were in the habit of telling tales. In the racketeer's simple philosophy of life, bachelor apartments were primarily for the entertainment of attractive young women who nodded their heads up and down instead of from side to side.

● Unaccustomed to the etiquette of visiting a man's apartment in the small hours of the morning, Joan laughed nervously as she heard the door click behind her and found herself in a garishly furnished room which, among other things, contained a combination radio and bar and a double bed.

Throwing off her wrap she sat on the bed unconsciously showing a delicately curved leg, as she chattered amiably about her girlhood days and how much she liked the night club. She even told Frank about Judge Richie and the bracelet. He turned from the bar where he was mixing Martini cocktails and looked at Joan sharply. "And you returned the stuff, you say?"

"Sure I returned it."

"That's O. K.," said Frank. He switched on the radio and carried the cocktails over to the





Clark met the gangster's deadly stare with unflinching courage. Death was preferable to loss of the girl he loved

Love, as she had never known it before, came to Joan when she met Clark Brian, the famous crooner



bed where he sat down beside Joan close enough for his thigh to touch hers. He handed the girl a cocktail at which she shook her head negatively.

"I never touch them," she said with a smile.

Rocci eyed her closely.

"Just this once; it won't hurt you. They're mild."

"Well, if you insist," she assented.

They clicked glasses and drank, looking into each other's eyes. A few moments later Rocci asked her if she would have another. This time she refused and stuck to it. They were still seated on the edge of the bed.

"Did you really return that bracelet?" Rocci asked.

"Of course I did. I can't accept favors like that without giving something in return."

"You accepted a favor from me."

"That's different."

"You're alone with me in my apartment, it's after midnight and you're sitting on my bed," Frank persisted.

Joan looked at him candidly.

"But I trust you," she said.

Rocci smiled and placed his hand on one of hers in a gentle gesture. "You're right, Joan. You can trust me. Right now I'm going to take you home and let you make up for the beauty sleep you've lost."

The next day Frank was seated in the office of the Klub Kaley. Tex reclined languidly on a chaise longue while the ubiquitous Chuck scattered cigar ashes on the floor. "Twenty grand for the place, Tex. How about it?"

Tex fitted a fresh cigarette into a long ivory holder.

"There is no *how* about it. It's a deal."

"O. K.," said Frank. "Now I want to talk with Max. Go get him, Chuck."

A few moments later Chuck returned with the explosive dance director at his heels. Max's hair was tousled and his shirt was open at the front, the unbuttoned cuffs waving as he gesticulated.

"Joan Whelan is a good performer, isn't she. Max?"

The dance director's face took on an apprehensive expression.

"I want you to change things around so she's the big shot in the revue," said Rocci.

Max threw up his hands. "Tell me you're just kidding, Mr. Rocci! Miracles you want! You ask me to do the impossible!"

Still in a quiet tone the racketeer continued, "You get me all wrong. I'm not asking you: I'm telling you."

Max assumed an expression of utter distress but he did as he was told. For weary hours he drilled the ingénue star in his new revue.

● The opening night found Joan in her dressing room along with Sybil and Esther. The room was banked with costly flowers.

"Listen to this, sis, it's what Walter Winchell has to say:

'How come Max Mefoofski, who arranges the footwork routines for the toe-and-heelers at the Klub Kaley, picked a newcomer out of the chorus for a major part? Could it be that a certain well known man-about-Broadway recently bought a piece of the joint, for the usual reason and laid down the law? Love is like that.'"

Joan's comment was, "I wonder what he means?" She ripped open a telegram that had just arrived. "Knock 'em dead, kid. Rocci." The girl's hand shook. "It's almost time now. Oh, I must make good!"

When Joan appeared, Rocci watched in silence looking from the dancer to the faces of those seated at the tables and he knew that she was putting it over. There was a tense feeling of interest as the colorful revue progressed to its climax, followed by a wild burst of applause.

Rocci found Joan in her dressing room weeping and laughing on Esther's shoulder.

"Oh, I'm so happy," she repeated over and over again. "I'm so glad they like me."

During subsequent weeks Rocci seldom let a night pass without dropping in at the Tex Kaley Klub, nor did he forget to order flowers daily for the new dancing star. He invited Joan to reinspect his apartment which he was having redecorated according to the ideas of an expensive interior decorator.

Joan passed from room to room with approving exclamations.

"Oh, it's just going to be too wonderful." And the racketeer was pleased.

The decorator approached Frank.

"While you're here, Mr. Rocci, will you tell me what shade you want the shutters painted?"

Please turn to page sixty-one



Joan looked at Rocci candidly as he said pointedly, "You're alone with me in my apartment, it's after midnight and you're sitting on my bed"

WITH THE NEWS

Current events in Hollywood and doings of your favorite stars



Toby Wing, the Perfect Chorus girl, was given a featured rôle in Search for Beauty *because of her excellent work in* Too Much Harmony

The Gal Nobody Wanted

FACES OF FOX and Warner executives assume a deep crimson at mere mention of the name of Mae West, the most important cognomen in electric lights these days.

Both groups had opportunities to claim the star long ere Paramount took a chance on signing her.

Charlie Walsh, brother of Raoul, famous director, espied Mae emoting on Broadway three years ago, and was so deeply impressed with her picture possibilities that he dug into his own limited bank account to finance a camera and voice test for Diamond Lil. With his can of film beneath his arm, he hurried back to Hollywood, and sought to interest the heads of the Fox lot, where Raoul was then wielding his megaphone.

Those worthies, however, declined to even waste the time necessary to see the film run off in a projection room.

They Couldn't See Her

CHARLIE next called on the important personages at Warner Brothers-First National studios. There he drew a warmer reception—warmer to the extent that Jack Warner and some of the lesser lights were willing to glance at Mae's test.

They promised Charlie an early answer—an answer that never came.

Undismayed, Walsh kept at the task of trying to land Mae in the movies. Turndown followed turndown during the months that followed, until finally he was able to sell her to Paramount for a supporting rôle in the George Raft-Nancy Carrol *Night After Night.*

That's what paved the route for Mae to *She Done Him Wrong* and the big money—for both herself and for Paramount.

Following completion of her second starring vehicle, *I'm No Angel,* Mae hied herself up to San Francisco for a rest before starting work on *It Ain't No Sin.*

Mae's Going Rural

DURING THE EARLY weeks of Mae West's sojourn in sunny California, the blonde star used to bemoan the fact that Broadway was so far away that she couldn't spend her week-ends there. But times and people change. Mae now is casting her eyes about the San Fernando valley, with a view to purchasing a big ranch.

Her main idea is to get a place where she can install her brother, now a resident of New York, as boss. But she also admits she's willing to spend an occasional night out in the wide open spaces herself.

HOT from HOLLYWOOD

Foreign Affairs

FORMER DANES, residents of America for more than twenty years, are to have an opportunity to revisit their homeland . . . Jean Hersholt has organized a foundation to send a number of them on a visit home each year . . . Ida Lupino, England's unsuccessful choice for the title rôle in Paramount's *Alice in Wonderland,* is to have her American opportunity after all . . . she's been cast opposite Cary Grant in *Come on, Marines* . . . Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli had to call off their Honolulu trip when Charlie signed for *She Made Her Bed,* so now they're planning an extended tour of the Orient . . . Italy, Greece and Egypt are included in plans for Ramón Novarro's next concert tour . . . Paul Lukas is looking forward to a visit in the near future to his birthplace, Budapest . . . Harpo Marx finally got off on that long-talked-about Russian jaunt . . . Robert Armstrong is in Mexico on a search for authentic furnishings for his new Mexican-type abode . . . Eddie Cantor, the Missus and the youngsters have made reservations for a trip to England in the spring . . . Howard Hughes, millionaire producer, is spending his money freely in London's late spots with Marion Lansing, his débutante heart-ache, as his guest.

National

THE EDMUND LOWES (Lilyan Tashman) will do a Lunt-Fontanne on Broadway in February . . . *Contract, Two Hearts* will serve as their vehicle . . . Nancy Carroll gave Hollywood the go-by temporarily to appear in the New York presentation of *Undesirable Lady* . . . Harold Lloyd journeyed eastward to consult with Author Clarence Buding-

SLEUTH

by HAL E. WOOD

Mary Bides Her Time

MARY PICKFORD, now hailed as the lonely little lady in the big house on the hill, is awaiting only the arrangement of final details of the property settlement before filing action for divorce from Douglas Fairbanks Sr. That, at least, is the firm belief of her friends despite Mary's frequent denials that she is contemplating court proceedings.

Mary now is convinced that Doug has no intention of ever again seeking shelter beneath Pickfair's roof, I am informed.

Meanwhile, the star is holding up production plans while she occupies herself with her pen. Mary has retained a literary agent in New York, and already has contracted with magazines to write several fiction stories.

She refused an offer of $100,000 for her own life story, however.

"My life is just beginning," she declared.

Doug Jr. Goes British

THERE IS LITTLE likelihood that Douglas Fairbanks Jr. will return to America for another year at least. This despite the sugar-coated offers pouring into him from talkie producers back here in California.

There are two reasons for Junior's extended sojourn in London. One is the fact that the talkie capital hasn't held much appeal for him since the crash of his marriage to Joan Crawford. The other is his belief that his father needs his companionship now more than ever before.

Doug Sr. is pushing his plans to continue picture-making abroad, and young Doug will be found emoting at his side.

Blossoms New Career

BLOSSOM SEELEY'S sensational success in *Broadway Thru a Keyhole* has launched that blonde personage on her second artistic career. And no one seems more surprised over her good fortune than does Blossom herself.

Cast as "Sybil" in the Winchell opus after Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Lilyan Tashman had collapsed in the rôle, this youthful veteran of the musical comedy and vaudeville stages is slated for stardom by Twentieth Century. Her next appearance will be with George Bancroft in *Blood Money*.

Blossom came to Hollywood to seek a chance in the movies, but opportunity took to its heels when she put in an appearance. She had her trunks packed, her reservations made for her return to Broadway, when Darryl Zanuck put in an *S. O. S.* for her services.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

ton Kelland on changes in *The Cat's Paw*, Harold's next . . . Ralph and Mrs. Morgan traveled all the way to Gotham to help the former's mother celebrate her eighty-third birthday.

Romance

MARY BRIAN and Don Cook are occupying a table for two these days . . . King Vidor and Betty Hill are that way again, and Miriam Hopkins doesn't seem to mind a bit . . . Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor make up the colony's newest duo . . . Edna Purviance is romancing with none other than the oft-married Rex Lease . . . they say Natalie Talmadge will wed Larry Kent at the close of her period of mourning for her departed mother . . . Director W. S. Van Dyke is giving Dorothy Burgess a terrific rush . . . that Sari Maritza-Sam Katz twosome is going strong again . . . Grace Poggi and Gregg Toland are airplaning together . . . Walter Kane and Gloria Shea are on the verge of an elopement . . . Frederick Perry, tennis ace, is squiring Bette Davis about . . . Lila Lee's sudden interest in things musical is due to her romance with Nelson Eddy, the songster . . . Ricardo Cortez continues to shower his attentions on Mrs. Lee . . . Adolphe Menjou has been stepping out with Veree Teasdale . . . things are so serious between Patsy Parker and Bert Wheeler that Pat's mother and aunt now form the receiving line at Bert's parties . . . when Elbert Franklin returned from the East, he brought along a costly star sapphire for gorgeous Toby Wing . . . and not to be outdone by his rival for Toby's affections, Bill Perry dashed out and bought her a five-carat heart-shaped diamond . . . it's all off between Benita Hume and Jack Dunfee, her London sweetie.



Snow may be missing in Hollywood but Lona Andre brings the proper Christmas atmosphere to her home with wreaths and, let us hope, mistletoe placed at strategic points

WITH THE NEWS SLEUTH . . . . . Timely news, inter

The Passing of Peg

DEATH OF Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, mother of Norma, Constance and Natalie, has left a void in the celluloid world's inner circle that cannot be filled. Peg, as she was known to her long list of intimates, was the mother confessor of Hollywood.

Mrs. Talmadge passed on rich in worldly possessions she had garnered through her own efforts.

While her will, signed in 1931, fixed the value of her estate at "more than $10,000," it is believed her fortune totalled above the $1,000,000 mark. A few years ago, she was rated as worth around $3,000,000, but, like so many others, she suffered tremendous losses through shrinkage in values of securities and real estate holdings.

Peg left all of her property to Connie, her favorite child. The reason for that was that she and Connie built their fortunes together. They were partners in all ventures.



Ted Healy mutters something about Hollywood entanglements as his stooges assist, more or less, Joan Crawford with the knitting with which she whiles away time on the set

And Now It Comes Out

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone will lose no time in dashing to the altar after Joan's divorce from Doug Fairbanks Jr. becomes final early next spring. While neither Joan nor Franchot is talking about their romance, it is known they have completed plans for their future together.

Intimates of Joan have told me it was Franchot's insistence upon firmly establishing himself in the cinema heavens before taking a wife that led Joan to file her suit against Doug in California rather than taking the more speedy route through the Nevada or Mexican courts.

Had she followed the latter course, it is more than probable the popular couple would be wed by now.

Connie Does Her Bit

CONSTANCE BENNETT's love for the Marquis Henri de la Falaise may not be as heated as it was at the moment of their marriage two years ago, but she's not going to stand idly by while the movie-makers poke fun at him.

Just before Hank's departure for Paris to have his passport renewed and to check up on his French realty holdings, Connie appeared in the office of Louis B. Mayer, Metro's head, with a plea that the fake marquis character in *Bombshell* be changed to that of a duke instead.

"Hank is the only bona fide marquis in Hollywood," explained Connie,

HOT from HOLLYWOOD . . . . .

Marriages

GINGER ROGERS and Lew Ayres have settled all of the details except the date . . . Estelle Taylor and Director Roland Brown are liable to step off any day now . . . Eleanor Boardman, recently freed from King Vidor, will wed Director Harry D'Arrast next Spring . . . Louise Brooks is the bride of Deering Davis, Chicago sportsman . . . Fifi Dorsay will ankle it with Maurice Hill, Chicago manufacturer . . . Lenore Bushman, daughter of Francis X., is honeymooning in Europe with Dr. Webster Marxer . . . Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were married at Rye, N. Y. . . . Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames were married at Carlsbad, New Mexico . . . Polly Moran and Martin Malone, prominent Los Angeles attorney, surprised friends by assuming double harness at Las Vegas, Nevada . . . Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez now admit they are wed.

Divorces

THE JAMES CROFTONS (Mona Rico) will air their domestic troubles in Reno . . . Prince Serge M'divani denied he socked his operatic wife in the eye when he took the witness stand in Mary McCormic's suit for a decree . . . Doris Kenyon is kept busy denying there's been a rift in her marriage to Arthur Hopkins . . . it's business that keeps the bridegroom in New York, she insists . . . Agnes Franey of *Follies* fame is suing wealthy Logan Metcalf, one-time husband of Madge Bellamy . . . Zita Johann cut the ties that bound her to Playwright John Haussman in the Mexican tribunals . . . Jerry Miley and Elsa Peterson severed matrimonial relations via the same route . . . Marion Sayers won a divorce from Jimmy Murray by charging that he drank to excess . . . Agent Ben Hershfield testified Rita La Roy was peevish at times, and asked the judge to free him from his marriage contract.

Births

IT'S A SON in the home of the Melvyn Douglases (Helen Gahagan) . . . the Karen Morley-Charlie Vidor offspring has been named Michael Karoly . . . Johnny Mack Brown's new heir has been christened John Lachlan Brown . . . the Robert Kenastons (Billie Dove) are preparing for the arrival of the stork in April.

Deaths

THE GREAT UMPIRE called strike three on Mike Donlin, famous baseball player of an earlier period and long a screen actor, at the age of fifty-three . . . Joseph Fazenda, father of Louise and leader in Los Angeles' French colony, succumbed at seventy-one . . . Frank

"and everyone will think it is he who is being satirized."

Connie won her point.

Hank denied he would launch action for divorce while in his native land.

Boys Will Be Boys

GLORIA SWANSON is awaiting the gong for the start of shooting on *The Divine Sarah*, her first vehicle under her new contract with Producer Joseph Schnitzer.

All of which caused one of the Hollywood wags to crack:

"I'd much rather see Sarah Bernhardt starred in the story of Swanson's life, than Gloria in the rôle of Sarah!"

Garbo Looks Ahead

CABLES FROM SWEDEN bring news that Greta Garbo's brother acted as her agent in the purchase of a 115-acre estate at Dyvik, where her old friend, Max Gumpel, the engineer, will erect a mansion.

Acquisition of the property has revived reports that Greta and Max will wed before many more months have passed.

Meanwhile, however, they're saying in Hollywood that Garbo is considerably miffed over Rouben Mamoulian's attentions to attractive Mona Maris.

Rouben is directing Greta in *Queen Christina*, and they were getting along swimmingly both on and off the sets until Mona returned from a location trip to Honolulu.

Hoot to Wed June

FINANCIAL worries are all that now block the pending marriage of Hoot Gibson and young June Gale.

When Sally Eilers followed her announcement of a Mexican decree from Hoot with her elopement to Yuma with Director Harry Joe Brown, she lifted the heaviest of the bars lining the path of the Western star on his fourth matrimonial venture.

Hoot, however, admitted the sad state of his finances in court recently, when he told the judge hearing Mrs. J. L. Johnson's claim on a $2,500 judgment against her one-time son-in-law that he had just ninety-five cents in his pockets and that he owed $8,000.

Hoot plans to refill his coffers, though, through the profits from a personal appearance tour he is to make in company of Col. Roscoe Turner, holder of the trans-continental air record. Later, the two plan to co-star in an aviation film.

Blood of China Next

BARBARA STANWYCK is back in Hollywood, ready to begin work in Warner Brothers' *Blood of China*, in which she will portray a half-caste.

Her bosses have been paging her frantically for weeks, but their pleas fell on Barbara's deaf ears.

Contract or no contract, she declined to leave hubby Frank Fay alone on wicked Broadway.

Please turn to page fifty



***Right this way, ladies and gents, the little lady is about to go into her dance! Clara Bow becomes a most enticing sideshow attraction in* Hoopla, *her latest talkie which is a picturization of* The Barker**

Prevost, step-father of Marie, died suddenly in San Bernardino, Calif.

Courts

WHEN GWILI ANDRE was sued for $50 by a former landlord, she went to court and pleaded her own case . . . you bet, she won! . . . Fredric March and Florence Eldridge have petitioned for permission to legally adopt five-year-old Jacqueline Esther Miller . . . Gaylord Lloyd, director-brother of Harold, won a $15,000 judgment against the Caddo Company for loss of an eye in a film explosion . . . Jackie Coogan's Dad has been named defendant in a suit for $35,000 by Sylvia Dorfman and Irving Linden, deaf mutes, hurt in an auto crash . . . Alan Dinehart and his bride, Mozelle Brittone, are rejoicing because Betty Kaege has withdrawn her $250,000 heart balm suit against Alan.

Sports

CRICKET TOOK A NEW lease on life with the return of Boris Karloff from Europe . . . Boris' movie team trimmed the crack outfit from *H. M. S. Dragon*, British man-o'-war, during the craft's stay in Los Angeles harbor . . . Lewis Stone has purchased a 105-foot Gloucester schooner, and plans to sail it through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast . . . Mary Rogers, Will's daughter, is a crack polo player . . . Not satisfied with the seventy-five records he has garnered during his years as a swimming champ, Johnny Weissmuller has taken up outboard racing . . . he's having a new craft constructed for use on Lake Los Angeles . . . Wynne Gibson spent a vacation on a canoe jaunt . . . Director Gregory LaCava will testify to Katharine Hepburn's skill as a golfer . . . Greg took her on for a round, gave her a stroke a hole, and la Hepburn won $7.

Mae West's Personal

A fascinating revelation of the private life and character of the screen's most glamorous personality by the one who knows her best!

To Begin With, Libby Taylor isn't just an ordinary personal maid. She's an actress, and although Mae West pays Libby a maid's salary, she would be the first to tell you that Libby is an actress, and a good one!

Years ago, before Mae West became MAE WEST, Libby worked with her on the stage. It is true that it was Mae West's company but Mae isn't the type to ever say "She worked *for* me"—it's always "*with* me."

Not so long ago, Libby needed a job and Mae needed a maid so they merged their wants and Libby went to work for Mae. Whether or not Libby is a good maid is hard to say. It isn't easy to imagine that the efficient Mae would even need a maid. Can you imagine Mae going hungry because the cook walked out? Neither can you imagine Mae going uncoiffed because the hair dresser failed to show up.

But, we weren't discussing the virtues of a maid. We were letting the maid discuss the virtues of a mistress, or "Muh Madam" as Libby fondly calls Mae West.

Mae West designed every bit of furniture in her bedroom. A color scheme of gold, green and a very delicate shade of pink is carried out in everything in the room, pillows, drapes, counterpane, upholstery—even the picture frames and toilet articles.

Although Mae is very tiny and dainty, she does not surround herself with dainty articles. She likes big things, "Something you can get your hands on," she explains. She has large perfume bottles, large cream jars, large powder boxes. Her daintiness running to materials and colors only.

Mae West always has her breakfast in bed, dressed in one of her many pretty negligees, with lacy pillows behind her back.

"An' is she a pitcha foh ya eye?" Don't ask Libby unless you really want to know, "Yes suh!"

● Libby explains that her greatest task in the morning is to keep Mae in a good mood, because if "Ah don't she kain't think up funny things to say, an' you *knows* she says funny things."

For breakfast Mae, according to Libby, has mostly fruits, a little toast, maybe a little egg or creamed chicken and coffee. She always has a good appetite and is not particular about how the tray looks provided there's plenty on it.

After breakfast, she wise-cracks all the way to the bathroom. She prefers a tub bath with plenty of hot water, scented soap and oodles of bath salts. And Libby thinks that's all right, "Ah likes 'em mah self 'couse they smells so good." Libby is worried about one thing, though, and that is how anyone can take a bath every morning and never say the same things twice, and yet say such smart and original things. We go Libby one better and wonder how anyone can keep up such an original line of wise-cracks—bath or no bath!

If Mae is to spend the morning at home, she doesn't dress. She wears a negligee and we take Libby's word for it that it's "Moah comfoble like and relaxin'." And Libby's Madam never puts on makeup unless she is going out. "She doan need none to make huh pretty. She's jes natchurally beautiful, she is, like peaches with cream poared ovah 'em."

In this negligée, Mae does her home work of okaying bills, dictating letters or writing. At one time she wrote all her own material and only let the secretary copy it. That proved to be too slow and too hard work. Now she dictates everything—stories, novels and even the dialogue for her picture.

This gives her much more time and she also says that it makes it a little more natural just to "talk it off" than it does to sit down with a pencil and try to figure it out.

Don't we, who *think* we can write, wish we had a gift like that? It's a gift given only to a favored few!



● When I asked Libby what Mae does in her spare time, I received what I call a dirty look—and I deserved it. With a lifted eye-brow Libby replied, "Dat woman ain't got no spah time. If she ain't makin' a pitchah, den she's writin' huh next one, and if she ain't writin' a pitchah, she's writin' a story or a book or some dialogue or somethin.' Sometimes she likes to go ridin' in huh cah, or to a show and everyone knows how she dotes on prizefights, but that ain't spah time—that's jes time! Ah couse, she goes to church, an' to see sick folks a lot an' tries to hep folks get work but she doan call that wastin' huh time."



***Libby Taylor, Mae West's personal maid, also is an actress. She appears with Mae (at the right) in* I'm No Angel**

Maid Tells ALL!

by HARMONY HAYNES

Mae seldom goes shopping. As in the case of most stars, the shops are only too glad to send merchandise to her home on approval. But if she's buying a present for someone else she "goes right to the stoah and picks it out furst hand!"

Besides Libby and the secretary, Mae employs a chauffeur. She doesn't drive, she doesn't care to. She prefers to sit back among the cushions and think up stories or dialogue. She says she never thinks better than when the wheels are rolling under her—her mind sort of keeps pace with those revolving wheels, and the driver will tell you that he can always tell her moods by the way she asks him to drive—fast or slow.

The short distance between the car and Mae's dressing room requires from fifteen minutes to half an hour, not that Miss West is slow—you remember how she warbled, "I'm a fast moving gal what likes it slow"; but because everyone from the gateman to the president knows and adores her and isn't afraid to stop her long enough to say so. And their friendly greetings is Mae's morning tonic. Libby says "It peps huh up like nobody's business an' makes huh dimple all ovah!" Oh, Libby, Libby, you shouldn't have told us that!

Please turn to page fifty-eight



Mae West likes fussy lingerie; silks, satins and lace in delicate shades of pale pink, peach and turquoise blue and is extremely feminine in her tastes and habits

HOLLYWOO
IN PICT

Reporting the latest events in Cin
our roving cameramen and chro



—*Wide World*

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS—Emil Ludwig (extreme right) distinguished biographer, attends a typical Hollywood première as the guest of Paulette Goddard and her reputed fiancé, Charles Chaplin. Rupert Hughes, celebrated American author, appears at the left



—*Will Walling, Jr.*

CHRISTENING PARTY—Richard Arlen and Bing Crosby and their respective wives, Jobyna Ralston and Dixie Lee, hold a joint christening party for Richard Ralston Arlen and Gary Evan Crosby



—*Wi*

VACATIONERS—Alan Edwards, Mae Clarke and Sidney mer were among the first of the stars to open the winter at Palm Springs. Hollywood believes a romance is blos between Mae and Blackmer

D NEWS
URES

land as snapped by
d in pictorial form



—John Miehle

***LANGUOROUS SIREN—Adele Thomas is lending her languorous beauty to* Hips, Hips Hooray**



—*International News*

NEWLYWEDS—Frances Dee and Joel McCrea were snapped during their short honeymoon which was spent at Greenwich, Conn., following their wedding at Rye, N. Y.

—*International News*

***MEET POLLY'S HUBBY—Martin Malone, well-known Los Angeles attorney, and Polly Moran staged a typical Hollywood elopement when they spoke the vows at Las Vegas, Nev. They returned to Hollywood where Polly resumed her work in* Alice in Wonderland**



—*Moffett-Russell*

PROMISING NEWCOMER—Catharine Weary, beautiful and talented Chicago girl, who, it is [illegible] is considering tempting film o[ffers] from a number of Hollywood producers

Gayno[r] bouqu[et] in sta[te] her r[ole] peal[ing]



by
JERRY LANE

Some strange whim took Clark Gable into the mountains one Yuletide and as a result he was able to aid an old pal in dire distress

SNOW PELTED HIM, lashed by wind from the mountain tops. This was no movie snow of whitened corn flakes. This was the real stuff —and Clark Gable grinned.

Some undefinable impulse had urged him to drive up to Lake Arrowhead this evening. He'd headed for it alone as soon as he left the studio. Kind of help along the Holiday spirit to see a touch of old-fashioned winter. Deep black woods outlined against untrampled fields of white. He would drive back the next day and be home in time for Christmas Eve celebration.

A sudden clap of thunder reverberated overhead. Maybe, thought Clark, he was getting into more than he'd bargained for. Only sixty-five miles from Hollywood—and here he was facing a blizzard that would have done justice to the Montana prairies.

Montana. Funny he hadn't thought in years of the old gang there with whom he'd played in stock. What had become of them all? Jim and Steve and Wheezy? A great fellow, Wheezy. Used to be a comedian one night and a "heavy" the next. He had an ugly scar from chin to cheek—souvenir of an early football game. Clark remembered how red it had got that Christmas when Wheezy's girl had invited them for dinner.

Then, abruptly, all reminiscences were shut out by the storm. It was whipped to a fury now. Tall trees bent before it. Clark stepped on the accelerator. No need turning back. Better to push on to the village that bordered one end of the lake. He was straining forward. The edge of the twisting road was [illegible]ning blurred and familiar sign[illegible] were blotted out completely.

Another hour a[illegible] e knew that somehow he'd taken the wrong turn. He was going towards the other end of the lake where there were only a few forsaken cabins. Drifts loomed up large in front of him. Trackless ground. The car veered swiftly and stopped. Clark found himself lunging in the direction of a distant cabin from which a faint light flickered. There seemed to be need of haste. He had to hurry.

● The answer was given him the minute he opened that door. A big fellow lay on a makeshift couch, his face wet with the dreadful sweat of pain. There was a scar from his chin to his cheek.

"God—*Wheezy!*"

"Why—Bill. Is that you? And the big fellow lapsed into unconsciousness.

His leg was broken. It lay in a manner that made "Bill" Gable catch his breath.

There was a sound at the fireplace where a thin flame burned futilely against the stinging cold. A small boy looked wearily up at him. And Clark knew why he had had to get to Lake Arrowhead that night.

"Peace on earth." The chimes from the Normandy tower rang out the hour of midnight as he entered the village. It had been seven miles of struggle over frozen snow to get there but fortunately a doctor was staying at the lodge. They drove back in a sleigh.

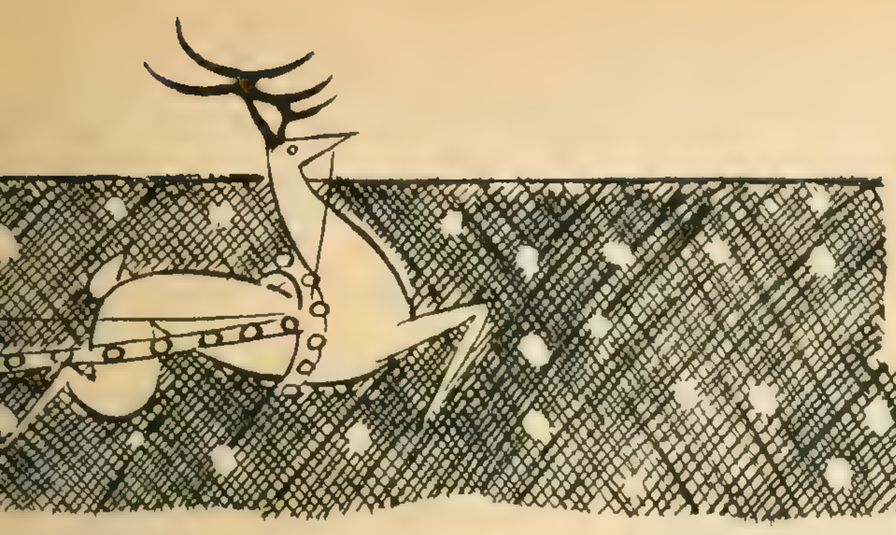
At three in the morning Wheezy's leg was set and he was asleep. So was his son — curled up in Clark's coat. A huge fire crackled in the grate, spreading warmth, shutting out the shadows. And Clark, with a deep new content, threw himself down beside the youngster.

Later in the day he drove them both back to Beverly Hills. The doctor rode with them. He'd strapped Wheezy's leg up and propped him with pillows. Gradually the big fellow's story came out. Not an unusual one. He hadn't worked for a year and in desperation had accepted a friend's offer of the Arrowhead cabin to live in for the winter.

"I thought there might be something to do with all the people coming up for the winter sports, but



A certain Christmas would have been a mighty dismal affair for Una Merkel had it not been for the thoughtfulness of Helen Hayes



How Clark Gable and other stars have captured the true meaning and spirit of Christmas

yesterday morning I—slipped. The kid here is only five. You couldn't send him out alone after help."

No you couldn't. But you could keep him up an extra hour that Christmas Eve to see old man Santa Claus arrive at the Gable home. He came in with a sack full of toys and shoes and the like that, strangely enough, were just the right size for a five-year-old. And there was a happy



Marlene Dietrich and little daughter Maria follow quaint old German customs and find great happiness in welcoming Kris Kringle

grin on his face that wasn't part of the make-up!

Wheezy is working steadily in the studios now. They say he is a real "find" among character actors.

● Let's roll back the clock a minute to Christmas, 1924.

Here in Hollywod it was one of those rainy days when everything seems to sag—including the spirit. Along the boulevard the decorations had a wilted look. The once-gay wreaths dripped cheerlessly and the Salvation Army lassies huddled under umbrellas on the street corners as they pleaded with a wet world to "keep the pot a-boiling."

Scurrying by under the awnings was a small young person intent on playing a game.

"Listen here, Janet Gaynor," she'd say to herself. "Think of your figure! If you're going to be a star you'd better watch out! And besides, you really don't like turkey dinners anyway."

But that didn't keep her from pressing her nose against bright restaurant windows and reading the menus on display. "Um—I think I'll have some white meat, please, and lots of gravy and mashed potatoes and mince pie. . . ." She drew her coat closer and moved on.

It was bad enough being a complete stranger in the town, let alone being without money. And why did it have to rain, too? Janet's courage was ebbing with every fresh gust of wind. Mother and Jonesy had given up a lot to bring her here. Would she *ever* make good—a timid, funny kind of girl like her?

The tears were pretty close as she stood on the corner waiting for the traffic signals to change. A great limousine slid to a silent stop in



Robert Young lost his job because of his sympathy for the down-and-outer but the tables were turned in a strange way another Christmas

front of her. Inside, swathed in furs and toying with a corsage of gardenias, was a famous star. To Janet, she seemed the most glamorous person on earth as their eyes met for an instant. Something in the young girl's face must have stirred the older woman. She leaned forward suddenly and tossed her corsage through the window with a gay "Merry Christmas!" as her car started off.

Janet caught the flowers, buried her radiant little face in them. Then she began to run. She ran all the way back to mother and Jonesy. The gardenias were a symbol to her, a token that Fate was on the job and everything was going to be all right. It doesn't take much sometimes to shift the balance!

That very week she was given her first bit of extra work and her sensational climb had begun.

The tables have a way of turning swiftly and without warning in Filmtown. That famous star of the silent pictures became an Unknown to the talkies. Just another forgotten face—until Janet happened to catch sight of her in a crowd scene one day. Now she's well on the road up again. And on Christmas each year a mysterious florist's box arrives at the home of the former celebrity. Inside is a sheaf of fragrant gardenias.

● Holiday season. Holiday verve. Brilliant red holly berries dancing in the windows beside lighted candles. In Marlene Dietrich's home you see them in every front window. And sometimes an eager little face looking at them—Maria, her young daughter. Always, on the twenty-fourth of December, they go to the woods and gather branches for "Kris Kringle." Just the two of them tramping

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Janet Gaynor sends an immense bouquet of gardenias to a certain star every Christmas and in her motive lies an appealing story

Jeanette MacDonald

says

"Any Girl Can Do What I've Done"

A SENSATIONALLY sweeping statement. "*Any girl can do what I have done . . .*" It was Jeanette MacDonald speaking.

Jeanette just returned from the most triumphant European tour any Hollywood star has ever made. Still glowing from the rhapsodies of the press, the homage of a host of people, the heady wine of that intangible thing called "success."

"Look at me. What am I? An average American girl if ever there was one! There has been nothing spectacular about my life. I've never won a beauty prize nor been singled out by Lady Luck for special attention. Leading ladies never fell ill at opportune moments so that I could step into their shoes. No, I've just worked along . . . I tell you, *anybody can do what I've done!*"

It's worth investigating—the extraordinary case of this girl who snatched honors from Garbo in Paris.

"But she had so much to start with," you say. "She must have had!" Must she? Let's see . . .

She began with the shrewdness and wit handed down from a Scotch grandfather, a tremendous zest for living, an overpowering ambition—and that's about all. The youngsters around the neighborhood where she lived in Philadelphia called her "Spindle Legs." A sprawly kid with red hair and green eyes and a white little face. Always singing.

● She has made her own way, this young Titian with a titan-like energy. She "broke ground" that day she forced an entrance into Ned Weyburn's studio.

"I want a job in your chorus, please."

"Really?" said Weyburn wearily. "So many girls do." He looked at her legs. The same legs that were to rival Dietrich's. He thought them mighty skinny. Jeanette was shocked. After all the exercise she'd given those

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Jeanette MacDonald reveals how any girl can win fame

by ALYCE CURTIS

—Preston Duncan

Jeanette MacDonald, an average American girl, became the toast of two continents

Maedchen in Hollywood

Introducing Dorothea Wieck, sensational star of "Maedchen in Uniform" who scores heavily in "Cradle Song"

by WOODROW LORING

It Was Nearly five o'clock when I met Dorothea Wieck in a corner of the studio's nearly-deserted café. The temperature was hovering around the ninety degree mark, and she was attempting to combat the heat by sipping a glass of cold orange juice. As I prepared to start my questioning, she flashed me a dazzling smile, spread her arms in a gesture of amused submission, and said, with a delightful accent:

"All right; I am ready."

Dorothea is a striking brunette whose description cannot, without difficulty, be readily assigned to some definite category. She does not represent the scintillating personality of a Harlow, or the naïvette of a Gaynor, but rather a modification of the two. She possesses more of an impetuous character—a character that radiates enthusiasm and ambition, and yet remains a personality that is unsophisticated and unaffected. Perhaps the secret of her charm lies in her stimulating freshness, her captivating smile, and her frank sincerity.

● Perhaps you marveled at her sensational characterization of Fraulein von Bernburg in *Maedchen in Uniform*. That performance was the culmination of years of devotion to her work. Dorothea's parents, when she was but six years old, decided that she should be an actress. She convinced them of her dramatic possibilities by successfully imitating visitors to her home. From that time on she has been actively connected with stage and screen work.

Dorothea probably inherited some of her artistic temperament, for her father was an artist and her mother a musician of note. Until she was fourteen years old, she interested herself in writing little plays for herself and playmates. One day she happened to meet the poet Klabund in her native Davos, Switzerland, who insisted that she be given an opportunity for further development of her histrionic possibilities. Instead, she was placed in an academy, where she received training in music, dancing, and art, but not acting. Her dramatic ability came, not through coaching, but

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Eugene Robert Richee

Dorothea Wieck brings a refreshing new personality to Hollywood, different from that of any star there



Dorothea Wieck and Baby Anita in a scene from Cradle Song, her first American picture

WAR DECLARED ON



Britishers resent the loss to American films of Sari Maritza and other fine English actresses

Harry Carr, famous cinema writer discovers an amazing



An attempt by Australian producers Western thriller movie but with because of

I Am Writing this from Sydney, Australia where the battle against American movies rages.

In some of the movie houses they flash long and fervid appeals to the public to patronize English papers and "preserve this empire of ours." And they wind up every performance by showing a picture of King George with a double row of medals.

A British picture, *Be Mine Tonight,* was finally put on in Sydney which had a record run of five months. Good old British picture made in London. The name of the star was Jan Kiepura — good old British name; the leading lady was Magda Schneider—another good old English name. He spoke with a Rumanian accent and she buttered the good old English tongue with German gutturals.

The Wretch

At MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY, a stage actor named George Barraud made a speech for which he was almost drawn and quartered. He said English films are so bad they are appalling. He said the English camera men were so bad they could make the most beautiful woman in the world look ugly.

Whenever the English producers accidentally found a good actress, they did not know it and let the Americans steal her.

The English people feel very sore about Diana Wynyard, Elissa Landi, Benita Hume, Sari Maritza, Elizabeth Allan and other English girls who were allowed to go to America—the British producers not having recognized genius when they saw it.



Jan Kiepura and Magda Schneider in the English-made* Be Mine Tonight *established an all-time attendance record in Australia even as they did in this country

Long Winded

I Have Seen Several British-made films here. Most of them are God-awful. They use the technique in vogue back in the old Biograph days. There is no flow to the narrative they are trying to tell. From time to time —at safe and sane intervals—the director switched to a row of young ladies sitting at a tea table and they say "I think that Jimes is falling in love with Alice"—just so you will be sure to understand.

As in the days when your films were also young and foolish, they have neither logic nor probability. I saw a picture last night in which a young lady working in a phonograph parlor got invited to a dance. She appeared in a Paris gown and drove her own car.

Scenics

ONE thing the British are doing that appeals very much to me. They are using the most marvelous locations

AMERICAN MOVIES!

and critic on a world film tour, situation in Australia

by

Harry Carr



to film a story of native life a la our blacks instead of Indians, failed censorship

I have ever seen on any screen—Swiss Alps — Italian cities on harbor fronts.

My hotel waiter does not join in my enthusiasm however. He says when he wants to see scenery he goes to scenics; as he never wants to see scenery he never goes to scenics. And there you are.

George Is King

Among The Motion picture stars from America, George Arliss will outdraw any other one in these parts. His pictures—even the bad ones—always have long runs. This probably because he belongs in dear old England.

Of the younger stars Clark Gable is the boy. To tell the truth, however, no stars have a very hot following in Australia. The fans play the pictures, not the stars. Most of the stars cannot remember the names of the players.

Strange to say, one of the few American stars with a really devoted following is ZaSu Pitts. And I can't say I blame them. I have always regarded her as one of the great artists of the screen. One of these days she will get a real part and show them. Her greatest handicap for a real chance is that the public has seen her in too many rough comedies.

Is Ramón Through?

As A very close friend of long standing of Ramón Novarro, I fear for his future. I have made it a point to inquire of every fan I have met in



Frances Drake was recently signed by Paramount in a drive for new talent. Other English girls are en route to Hollywood as a result of beauty contests conducted by the studio



—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

Diana Wynyard is another English actress whom Britishers wish was in their own pictures. Directors there are criticised for permitting actresses of her type to leave the country

Japan, China, the Philippines, Java and way stations as to his standing. I have yet to hear one favorable comment. They don't like him. They say he is effeminate.

This is really not true. But many of the parts that have come his way have made him appear so; strange to say, the football pictures more than any others. Ramón is not football material.

Record Breaking

In Spite Of The British propaganda, an American film is one of the record-breakers.

The longest run recorded of any recent picture is the English-made *Be Mine Tonight* with the Rumanian and German actors. After that, a picture called *Jack's The Boy,* made in London. Third came the Warner Brothers' *Vienese Nights* which ran twenty weeks at one house in Sydney.

Australia Gets Ambitious

Meanwhile Australia is preparing to roll her own. Two big producing companies have started making pictures here. They have made pictures in the past. One of their difficulties was censorship. One picture was intended

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CROSS-EXAMINING the STARS



Where HOLLYWOOD readers ask the stars pertinent and impertinent questions

CAROLE LOMBARD: Is it true that you and William Haines are romantically "that way"? If not, who is your current sweetie?

The rumor that William Haines and myself are romancing is absurd. It originated, no doubt, when I sought his advice in decorating my new home. Naturally, we have been seen together when we were discussing interior decorating. But we are merely very good friends. At the moment, I find interesting company in both Gary Cooper and Russ Columbo, as well as my ex-husband, Bill Powell.

FRANCHOT TONE: What nationality are you—height and weight?

I am from an old English family with a trace of French blood. Six feet tall, and weigh one hundred and sixty.

GINGER ROGERS: Could you give me a hint on how you keep your hair so beautiful?

For one thing I brush my hair a great deal—always before retiring. This brings out the natural oil from the roots which gives the hair a sheen and eliminates the artificiality of brilliantine. I wash my hair weekly, giving my scalp a hot oil treatment. These three aids, more than anything else, account for a healthy head of hair.

WARNER BAXTER: How have you invested your money in the last three years?

Insurance and life annuities. No more speculating in stocks for me. The home I have been building for the last six months, now nearing completion, represents an investment of over $50,000. Other than this, however, my entire fortune is in insurance savings.

JIMMY DUNN: In whom are you interested now that Sally Eilers and Boots Mallory are both married?

Lona Andre, and she promised not to do me wrong.

JEAN HARLOW: What are your measurements?

Five feet three and one-half inches tall; weight, one hundred and ten; bust, thirty-five inches; waist, twenty-three and one-half inches; hips, thirty-five and one-half.



Ginger Rogers reveals how she keeps her hair looking so beautiful in response to a request from a fan

Write Your Questions on This Coupon

I should like to ask .....

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the following question .....

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My name .....

Address .....

Mail this coupon to *The Question Editor,* HOLLYWOOD, 305 Baine Studio Bldg., 6605 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page.

HELEN HAYES: What kind of perfume do you use?

Mine is especially blended from varied spring flower scents.

DOROTHY JORDAN: Is there any special boy-friend in whom you are interested?

I should say so. My husband, didn't you know? We were married last May. He is Merian C. Cooper, Radio Pictures producer.

LILIAN HARVEY: Do you plan to return to Germany under Hitler's recent mandate that all German stars return to their native land?

There has long been the mistaken conception that I am of German birth. I am an English woman and owe no allegiance to Germany. It is true that I am originally a product of German films but other than that feel no ties or obligations bind me to return. I shall remain in American pictures as long as they want me.

KAREN MORLEY: What has been your most inspiring and exciting moment?

The first time I looked upon my new son, Michael.

CLARK GABLE: Have you fully recovered from your recent illness. What will be your next picture, and who is the lucky leading lady?

I'm feeling fine again, thanks. Starting immediately on China Seas *with Myrna Loy opposite.*

RICHARD DIX: What is your baby daughter's name, and does she resemble you or her mother?

She was named Mary Ellen after my wife's mother and my own. She is fortunate in resembling her lovely mother.

LILIAN HARVEY: What size shoe do you wear?

Three-and-a-half. I buy them in the children's departments or have them specially made.

JEAN HARLOW: Do you and your new husband plan on living in the home you have just completed?

I have given that home to my mother. Hal (Rosson) and I are living temporarily in an apartment until we buy our own home.

Chester Morris Strikes Off His Shackles!

Chester Morris jubilantly takes a new lease on his cinema life

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

CHESTER MORRIS is free at last. His contract with Roland West is ended and for the first time in five years he can do as he pleases.

"My new theme song is *The Battle Cry of Freedom,*" says Chester, "and no more term contracts for me. From now on I'll be as hard to catch as the greased pig at the county fair."

For five long years, the entire term of his screen career, Chester Morris has been virtually a slave. Under the terms of his contract with West, he earned a good salary, it is true, but that same contract placed the entire management of his career in West's hands. Chester was forced to play any part West saw fit to put him in. He was forced to appear in some pictures which hindered, rather than advanced his career. When West retired to his yacht, to sail the Seven Seas, he farmed Chester out to other producers.

"Not once during the past five years, was I ever permitted to see the script of a picture before going into the cast." Chester grinned ruefully. "A man named Jack Codd, an accountant in Sam Goldwyn's office, read scripts submitted. If he liked them, he reported to West. All I ever got was instructions to show up on the set."

But even such a constrictive contract could not dim the brilliance of the young actor from Broadway. In spite of being cast in parts for which he was not fitted and in appearing in pictures which failed to click, the star of Chester Morris continued to rise. He clicked in *The Big House* and his performance as the husband of Jean Harlow in *Red Headed Woman* proved him to be one of the finest young actors of the screen.

"I had good pictures and I had bad," Chester

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For five long years Chester Morris was hampered by an undesirable film contract. Now that is over and Hollywood expects much from this talented young man

"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A DEVIL"

by JEWEL SMITH





Don't let Joan Blondell's (arrow) cherubic smile fool you for even when this snap with her schoolmates was made she was probably planning to give teacher an ice cream cone with a pickle in the center

Joan Blondell confesses to her lurid past

"My folks thought I would come to no good end," says Joan Blondell. "I have never behaved 'like a lady'"

"I HAVE ALWAYS been a little devil! My folks thought I would come to no good end. I have never behaved 'like a lady.'"

Joan Blondell flung a pair of beslacked legs over the arm of her chair and puffed decorously at a cigarette. In another moment she squashed it out, took a deep breath, and relaxed whole-heartedly into exposing her past—a past as delightful in its narration as it is veracious.

The staid, commonplace things of life have never intrigued or even curiously interested Joan Blondell. Ever since that day she entered a school room for the first time and discovered that a "new girl" caused a great deal of commotion in the best of schools, Joan decided always to "be different."

She started right then by playing with the boys instead of the girls; shooting marbles with the toughest; making eyes at the prissies; and scorning the effeminacy of hair-bows and laces. Fortunately her father's vaudeville engagements prevented her from attending the same school for more than a week. This arrangement set things up just fine for Joan who had a certain "popularity routine" which she practiced on each successive school with the most gratifying results.

"I would pick out the little girl with curly locks," says Joan. "There's one in every school—the big-eyed youngster who admired me the most. I'd take her aside in all confidence and tell her that I was the daughter of Eddie Blondell, the actor—that I was a pretty swell actress myself, to say nothing of my recitation abilities. It wouldn't be long then until the teacher would ask me up in front of the class to recite "just any little thing." My act, of course, was to feign bashfulness at first and finally to give in, walk up before the class—and stay there reciting from two to three hours. This worked out beautifully, for near the end of the week, when it came time to shine in my studies, I'd be gone to the next city—and another school."

These early successes, no doubt, whetted Joan's ambitions for a finer technique of misbehavior for when she was nine years old, she had become the only girl on a boy's baseball team, and the recognized best pitcher of the school. The enviable position did not last long, however, for Joan was promptly expelled when she was discovered exploring the tombstones in the graveyard across the street instead of going to "the little girl's room" for which she had been excused.

"At fourteen I was still a hellion. I remember one day try-outs were being given for a show to be pre-

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Hollywood's Pattern Service Offers You

PEGGY SHANNON'S FAVORITE FROCK

Bring new chic to your wardrobe with this stunning dress!





Fans enthusiastically endorse the easy-to-follow patterns of the stars' chic frocks offered monthly in HOLLYWOOD

Peggy Shannon's dress is of green plaided woolen with matching velveteen. The belt is green suede and the hat is velour of the same shade

PEGGY SHANNON'S frock is just about the last word in chic and seasonal practicability. When our pattern scout was shown this dress by Peggy, she knew it would instantly captivate HOLLYWOOD readers. Accordingly Peggy graciously consented to permit us to offer you its pattern.

The material is a green plaided woolen with matching velveteen. The rakish hat is green velour and the belt is of green suede. With the outfit, shoes of matching green or black suede may be worn.

With the aid of pattern No. 3127 you will find it easy to make a copy of Peggy's dress and we'll wager you'll be the envy of all your friends. The dress is charmingly simple in design and therein lies its intriguing appeal.

When you order the pattern for Peggy's dress, specify pattern No. 3127 and be sure to give your size. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, or in 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust sizes. The price of the pattern is 15 cents, which you may remit in stamps or coin, coin being preferred.

Next month another stunning frock, selected from a screen star's personal wardrobe, will be made available for you through HOLLYWOOD's pattern service. You will be delighted with its distinctive individuality and the ultra-modern chic it brings to your wardrobe.

You'll find many other ultra-stylish and entrancing patterns in our Winter Fashion Magazine. The regular price of the Winter Fashion Magazine is 15 cents, but if you order one when you send for your Peggy Shannon pattern you may obtain it for 10 cents. In other words, you may have one Winter Fashion Magazine and one pattern for a total of 25 cents.

Address your orders for patterns and fashion book to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, Pattern Department, 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me Peggy Shannon's dress pattern No. 3127.....Size.....

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

BEAUTY IS AT YOUR



—Ruby Keeler

Ruby Keeler's romantic appearance can be acquired if you follow Max Factor's instructions

SUPPOSING CHRISTMAS morning you could go out to that brightly trimmed tree . . . and find a pretty little package addressed to you . . . and labeled *new beauty*. . . .

I know that actually you can find it—only in this case you'll have to be your own Santa Claus. Let's begin by making sure just what kind of beauty it is that you want. Maybe it's that romantic look. The starry-eyed sort that goes with Christmas candles! Not as difficult to achieve as you might imagine—but remember, *there never was romance in a straight line.* It's soft curves that you want about the face as well as the figure. Nothing too vivid. Everything must be done with as delicate a touch as possible and must harmonize to the nth degree. How often have you seen a girl with lip rouge too light for her complexion? Or too heavily applied? Or with mascara daubed thickly on her lower lashes? It's such things as that which dispel romantic illusion quicker than anything else.

The eye-shadow should be shaded very faintly, almost imperceptibly. The rouge and lipstick must blend perfectly not only with each other but with the skin to give that youthful life-like glow. *And most important of all: Your eyebrows, upper eyelids and mouth should have exactly the same contour.* "Synchronize" we call it in Hollywood. Now try it. . . .

● A little deft work with the eyebrow pencil and you can easily conform the shape of the eyebrow with the eyelid. If you're in the habit of drawing a light line at the edge of the eyes to enlarge their appearance, duplicate that line very faintly by extending the eyebrow. Then take your lipstick and get the same "swing" to the lips, working outward from the indentation in the upper one.

Incidentally, what I have given you here is precisely what we do when the studios ask us to make up a girl for the "love interest" in a picture. The likeness in the curves of the features lends that certain something that goes with moonlight and roses . . . Ruby Keeler has it—that romantic look. Why not you?

But possibly it is *charm* you're after. Charm stressed above everything else. I used to wonder as a young man over there in Russia why so many great ladies of the court missed it by inches. Then one day the answer came to me suddenly. You cannot have charm where you



For that "romantic look" the shape of your eyebrows, upper eyelids and lips should conform

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL

Much concern is being expressed by the food, drug and cosmetic manufacturers over the "Tugwell Bill," coming up before the next Congress. This bill is so un-American and so dangerous to the welfare of the people that HOLLYWOOD *urges its readers to familiarize themselves with its absurdities and to voice their opposition to their Senators and Congressmen.*

A famous makeup expert and beauty consultant of the stars offers his valuable secrets

by MAX FACTOR

FINGERTIPS

have any artificiality or pretense. It depends principally on *naturalness.* That is why so many of the "siren" type are not charming. True, they're fascinating in their way, but they lack that warmth and sympathy which are the foundation of charm. You feel they are unreal when you look at them, with their heavy pallor and startling mouths.

So if you would have what Barrie terms a "bloom on a woman," be natural. I don't suppose there's a better exponent of that bloom than Kay Francis. The slant of her eyebrows remains the same as Nature intended it. Unplucked except for a stray hair or two. Of course she rubs cold cream well into them and brushes them back smoothly with a brush for that purpose—and they respond by behaving beautifully.

● Another thing—a very important item—charming ladies are never obvious in their make-up. They seldom retouch it in public. As a matter of fact, there's very little need to—if you use the proper foundation cream. Every make-up requires a background. Something that serves to give a faint color tone that's uniform to the entire face and to blot out small blemishes. And that "something" has been found in a new cream of smoothest texture and subtle fragrance. You need only to use a small amount of it at a time. Apply tiny dabs of it on the forehead, cheeks and chin. *Dip the fingers in cold water* and blend in the cream until it seems to disappear. After you've put on your make-up, you'll find it lasts twice as long and needs no "going over" at short intervals.

Do I hear you say you wish to look distinctly *smart* at the Christmas dinner? Crisply, intriguingly smart? The sparkling young moderne with wit at her fingertips? I know of no woman who so typifies "smartness" as Ruth Chatterton. And no woman is a greater believer in the thorough cleansing of the skin—

She always has that refreshing, clean air about her. A look that is possible for *everyone.* Let's go into details a minute as to why personal daintiness is not only most attractive but of tremendous physical benefit. The skin, you see, consists of two major layers: the corium, or true skin, and the epidermis, or scurf skin. The latter acts as a protection for the structures underneath — the glands, muscles, nerves and so forth. In a limited extent the skin may serve as an aid to the lungs. You can readily understand how necessary, how all essential it is, therefore, to *keep it clean!* If you permit the pores to be clogged with grime and soot for even twenty-four hours, you're doing yourself a grave injustice.

So why not do as Miss Chatterton

Please turn to page fifty-seven



The slant of Kay Francis' eyebrows remains as Nature intended. She never plucks them except to remove a stray hair or so



If you want personality, study Bette Davis' and the way she applies makeup to her lips to dramatize her mouth



Her

Clear White Skin Worked The Miracle

Dull, coarse complexions invariably repel men. He was no different. She knew it—and suddenly transformed her ugly, rough skin to a luscious creamy whiteness a new way. Captured him. Amazed her friends. You, too, can gain new complexion loveliness.

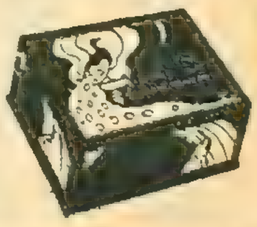
Stop Worrying About That Dull Complexion

LET Golden Peacock Bleach Cream remove the beauty-marring effects of age, wind and sun—amazingly. Perfected by 30 great specialists, this truly wonderful discovery is *guaranteed* to whiten your skin one shade a night—or *money back.* Just smooth this cool, fragrant cream over your skin tonight. Tomorrow, what a delightful surprise—your complexion more divinely fair, clearer, more alluring. And, as it whitens, this *natural* aid smoothes and refines the skin—banishes muddiness, freckles, pimples, blotches, *safely.* Try it. See for yourself that Golden Peacock Bleach Cream is the gentlest, daintiest of *all* bleaches that *work.* And note how little you use because it works so fast (certain *rare* ingredients, the reason)—therefore more *economical.* Over half a million women have experienced the seeming magic of it. Get *your* jar TODAY. Prove the results—at our risk. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Golden Peacock
BLEACH CREAM

Try This Exquisite
FACE POWDER

Marvelously fine in texture, Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder clings smoothly for hours. Certain imported ingredients make it actually a skin *tonic*—effective in correcting coarse pores, blemishes. At all toilet goods counters. New *Gardenia* face powder—with all the properties exclusive to Golden Peacock—already a sensation! Introductory size package at ten cent counters.



TATTOO YOUR LIPS!



Instead of coating your lips with paste a dozen times a day, steal the South Sea maidens' secret of truly ravishing lip allure! *Tattoo* your lips! *Stain* them evenly, once a day with TATTOO. Apply TATTOO like ordinary lipstick. Let it set a moment or two—then wipe it off. Your lips will be *evenly*, *lastingly* and *transparently* stained . . . tattooed . . . with the most luscious—the most exciting color you have ever seen. And it won't dry your lips. Positively not. It's the *modern* lipstick. It will *actually* keep your lips soft . . . inviting . . . youthfully caressing. Yes, actually! Four startling shades.

PUT IT ON

LET IT SET

RUB IT OFF

ONLY THE COLOR STAYS

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

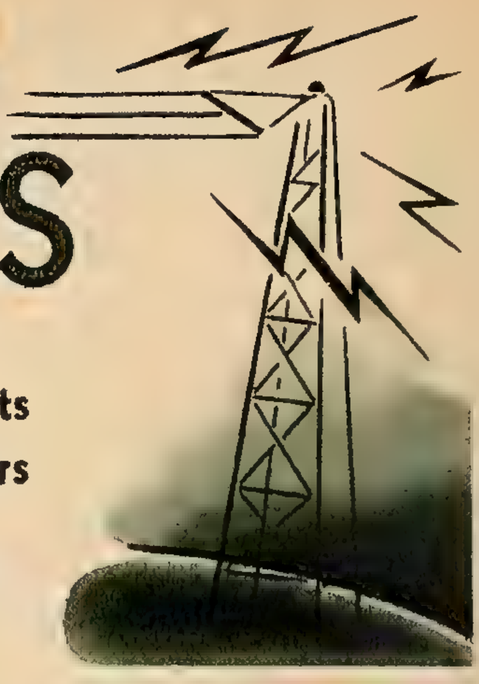
$1 at good drug and department stores . . . . Tattoo, Chicago

TATTOO

THE NEW *Transparent* COLOR FOR SHAPELY LIPS



RADIO FLASHES



Short notes and unusual facts about your favorite radio stars

by THE DIAL TWISTER

Nino Martini is an expert horseman.

Baby Rose Marie is the mascot of the Liberty (77th) Division of New York, comprising 30,000 veterans.

There is a persistent rumor that Jessica Dragonette plans to enter a convent within two years.

Harry Richman served in the Navy—and when officers heard him singing while he swabbed the decks, Harry was assigned to entertain them at dinner.

Nearly 190,000 persons saw eighty-one presentations of the WLS barn dance in Chicago. The feature has been popular for ten years.

Announcer John S. Young, following his graduation from Yale in 1927, received an appointment to the Army Air Corps but refused it because of his mother's illness.

Enoch Light, orchestra leader, studied medicine at Ohio State, the University of Pittsburgh and at Johns Hopkins.

Johnny Green, conductor-arranger of music for CBS, could play the piano by ear at the age of four.

Anthony Frome, the "Poet-Prince," graduated from Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, and was a rabbi before becoming a radio singer.

Smiling Ed McConnell receives from 25,000 to 60,000 letters weekly and has received as high as 100,000 letters after a single broadcast.

When the script of "Clara, Lu 'n' Em" requires them to eat a meal, an apple usually provides the necessary sound effects.

Milton Berle chews on a rubber cigar when he broadcasts.

Gypsy Nina's pet peeve is to have fans address her as "Gypsy Lena." She can sing in Russian, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Hungarian, Greek and English.

James Melton has left the Revelers to go into an operetta. He has been replaced by Frank Parker. Melton was with the Quartette six years.



Estelle Taylor and Jimmy Fidler, "the Hollywood Tattler," before the microphone on a "Hollywood-on-the-Air" program. Jimmy, who has long been identified with motion pictures, adds much to the programs with his interesting interviews with the stars

Why Love Is Doomed In Hollywood

Continued from page fifteen

ends around six o'clock in the evening. Then there are the rushes to be viewed.

Actors and actresses have between picture periods, of course. It has been my observation that they spend these brief vacations getting themselves in shape for the next grind. Tennis and golf are better training than indoor sports.

Less fortunate are the executives who have no between film lulls. Their work leaves them so little time and energy for their wives that it's a wonder there aren't more divorces.

EVEN A HONEYMOON hasn't a chance in Hollywood. Fred Astaire, the song and dance man of Broadway, arrived here with his society bride just a few days before this was written. They had hopped an airplane the day after they were married.

When he stepped out of the plane, Astaire found representatives from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios awaiting him.

"We'd like you to come right out to the studio," they said. "We have some wardrobe ready for you to try on."

The picture had started already, and the cameras were waiting for the bridegroom.

Merian C. Cooper, the production boss at RKO-Radio, married Dorothy Jordan and was away from his desk such a short time that none at the studio knew about the wedding until days later.

ANOTHER FACTOR THAT contributes to the sex starvation of Hollywood is the glare of publicity which accompanies not only romance, but even the most casual friendship. Let a couple of screen celebrities be seen together in public more than once, and the word is rushed around that they are all torched about each other. Three times is equivalent to an engagement, and by the time they've made their fifth appearance together, the gossips are speculating as to when they will be divorced, altogether overlooking the wedding.

And just let them try to do a little love-making in private. Hollywood has a grapevine system that beats radio, wireless or telegraphy.

I know a chap who took a girl for a ride. It was an innocuous little jaunt that lasted perhaps an hour, and not even a kiss was exchanged. Next day he stopped at a newstand to buy a paper, and the proprietor floored him by saying: "Your girl was in this morning."

"My girl?"

"Sure."

The beauty he named was the other party to that ride.

Last, but not least, there's the matter of familiarity. The chap who sees stars in their scanties and chorus girls in less than that four or five days of the week isn't as apt to be excited by the feminine figure as the youth from Owabashie who pays his quarter to see a nude dancer play hide and seek with a fan at the Chicago world fair.

Sum it all up, and it's easy to see why Hollywood is sex-starved. One could scarcely say famished. Children are still being born in the picture colony.

No One Believed My Window Shades Cost *Only 10c Each . .*



. .They Looked So Smart After Months of Wear!

GUESTS always admired my window shades—that looked as beautiful as the day I bought them.

"I wish I could afford to replace my old, cracked shades," some friend would say, "but I just can't now. Why, you must have paid $10 for those twenty new shades!"

Imagine their surprise when I explained that my shades cost only 10c each. They were not new either. My shades appeared especially attractive because they were faced in the latest chintz patterns . . . patterns that I found from experience I just couldn't get even in the most expensive shades. And my shades stayed pretty because they were Clopay Shades that wore as well as they looked. When I revealed, too, how easy it was to put up Clopay Shades without tacks or tools my friends were convinced I was a shrewd buyer for my family.

NEW KIND OF WINDOW SHADES

Clopay Shades are made of an unusually tough yet flexible fibre material that won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl. Because of their patented creped texture, Clopay Shades hang evenly, roll smoothly and stand rough usage even better than ordinary *cloth* shades. Yet they cost only 10 cents.

You'll realize what a bargain value this is when you see the lovely plain colors available, such as dark green, white, ecru—and the modern two-tone chintz effects you can't get in old-fashioned shades. Clopay shades are 36"x6 ft.—easily cut to fit smaller windows. In a jiffy you can attach them to your old rollers—patented gum tape edge at top of shade is the secret. See this amazing new kind of shade today. Millions already in use. Learn what a thrill it is to brighten up every room with new Clopays at *all* your windows. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Just address Clopay Corporation, 1271 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.



See How Easy To Replace Old Shades

Just rip off old shade from roller. Moisten gummed tape edge at top of Clopay Shade—attach to old roller—and hang shade. Now you have a new fresh shade in only 2 minutes! No tacks or tools. Clopay saves time—labor—money.

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Many Department Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES



Darling,

YOU'RE THE GIRL
YOU USED TO BE

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Recolor your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the shaft—and colors the hair where nature does . . . Notox shades duplicate nature's own—and *keep* their even shade just as permanently as natural color no matter how much you wave or wash your hair or expose it to the sun.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Or buy it, if you prefer, at any smart shop. Resent a substitute—no *like* product exists.

. . . *Send for free copy of the INECTO RAPID NOTOX Beauty Analysis Chart and for name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write Sales Affiliates, Inc., Dept. 88, 33 West 46th Street, New York.*

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX
COLORS HAIR INSIDE
WHERE NATURE DOES

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page thirty-one

Love Reigns Again

There Are Those of us who think Hal Roach passed up a great bet for a comedy called *Reunion in Beverly*, backed by the story of the off-again on-again matrimonial situations in the domiciles of his clever comedians, Laurel and Hardy. But with the anouncement that Oliver celebrated Stan's reconciliation with Lois by ending his own five-year squabble with Myrtle, Boss Roach comes along with the news that he's planting his prize fun-makers in a feature-length song-and-dance vehicle to be titled *Sons of the Desert*. Incidentally, Charlie Chase, long a star in his own right, will be seen in support of Laurel and Hardy, with Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch supplying the sex interest.

Renee's Career Ends

RENEE ADOREE, the French circus performer who rose to movie stardom through her marvelous portrayal of "Melisande" in *The Big Parade*, has gone to her last reward.

For three years, Rénée waged a brave battle against the ravishes of tuberculosis. The élite of the film colony paid a last tribute at her bier.

A truly great actress, Rénée never was given full opportunity to again display her store of ability after her histrionic showing in the war picture. The stories and rôles that followed were mediocre, to say the least.

Her last rôle was in *Call of the Flesh* in 1930. Throughout the shooting of this production, the star struggled bravely to hide from her superiors the fact that she was on the verge of complete collapse.

Rénée breathed her last fully aware of the loyalty of three pals—Marion Davies, Dorothy Sebastian and Howard Strickling, the latter publicity director for Metro, where Rénée long was under contract. It was these three who struggled to make her fight easier.

Who's Who's and Why

Now They're Telling it's going to be a Mexican divorce for Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, so that Sue can assume the queenship of Ken Murray's new home without waiting the year required under California law for a final decree.

When the stage production of *Louder, Please*, which starred Ken, opened in Los Angeles, Nick, accompanied by Helen Godwin, a social light, occupied a front row seat, and led the cheering for the man who succeeded him in the affections of Sue. The latter was there with the Johnny Mack Browns.

During an intermission, Nick piloted Helen out to the lobby, where he introduced her to his erstwhile wife.

Max Goes Hollywood

JACK DEMPSEY and other advisors of Max Baer, heavyweight contender, heaved a sigh of relief when Max completed his Metro contract and shook the dust of the talkie capital from his elongated feet. Max, it seems, went Hollywood in a big way.

While wifey Dorothy Dunbar busied herself with her attorneys in winning a Mexican divorce, Max was engaged with the cinema charmers, heart-throb following heart-throb in rapid succession. So complete was the metamorphosis of the big fellow from pug-ugly to matinée idol, that the press agents finally had him jotting down the waist measurements of his ideal girl.

He Took Care Of His Money

Despite His Many amours, however, Max Baer didn't scatter his celluloid earnings to the four winds. While here, he purchased the former residence of Cliff Durant, auto magnate, in San Francisco as a gift to his parents, added considerable to his own trust fund and invested in a 16-cylinder motor.

Dorothy made no attempt to collect alimony when she rid herself of Max



Greta Garbo, John Gilbert and Director Reuben Mamoulian discuss the action of a forthcoming scene in* Queen Christina, *the highly romantic story of a Swedish queen and her lover

because she is amply provided for through the estate of her first husband, the late Tommy Wells.

Gary Goes Home

GARY COOPER, one-time ranch boy who became the social king of Hollywood, is renewing old friendships in and about Helena, Montana, his birthplace. After a visit at the home of his brother, Arthur, in Helena, the pair set out on a big game hunting trip in the Bitter Root mountains, where Gary first learned the use of firearms.

Cary Wants a Wife

THE BETTING Is ten to one that Virginia Cherrill will be the bride of Cary Grant even before you read these lines.

When Virginia returned from a location trip to Honolulu, Cary chartered a speed boat and met the liner bearing her homeward many miles off the California coast.

Now that Cary's place in the talkie firmament is assured, thanks to the opportunities provided him by Mae West, he is eager to speed up his wedding date, so that he can take Virginia back to England with him when he leaves shortly for a visit to his parents.

Charlie Is Adamant

BECAUSE Charlie Chaplin is convinced that dialogue has merely served to localize distribution of pictures, the famous comedian will continue to emote in silents.

Construction crews are rushing work on a new stage on the Chaplin lot, so the laugh-provider can get under way with his new opus, which will serve to introduce Paulette Goddard, his fiancée, as his leading lady.

Charlie will revive many of the best gags of his popular short-reelers in this new vehicle.

Bob Goes Travelling

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is off on a trans-continental motor jaunt, but it's not a vacation this time. The versatile Bob, who has emoted in submarines far below the sea's surface and in airplanes high above the clouds, now finds himself making love to Madge Evans in *Overland Bus.*

The Greyhound Lines have furnished Metro with a cross-country vehicle of the latest type. In addition to carrying sound and camera equipment on the trip, it will house the players.

Scenes will be shot as the big stage moves from state to state.

Talbot Recovering

LYLE TALBOT, whose life hung in the balance for days after his car had rammed a hillside home, is now well on the road to recovery. Plastic surgery was resorted to in order to prevent a five-inch gash on his forehead from leaving a scar.

The crash occurred shortly after Lyle had driven Countess di Frasso home from Darryl Zanuck's costume ball.

When Lola Lane switched her affections from Lyle to Al Hall, young Talbot turned his attentions to the Countess.

Now Lola and Al are marking time until Lola's divorce from Lew Ayres is made final, then they'll don double harness in a hurry.

The Life Story of BING CROSBY



MEET this famous radio star in person in the pages of the January RADIOLAND, the NEW Magazine of the Air. Millions of listeners-in rate Bing Crosby the headliner of them all when it comes to radio appeal—but you won't know the **real** Bing nor understand the background of his present success until you've read this fascinating story of his life. It's only one of dozens of articles in the big January RADIOLAND.

Margaret Culkin Banning tells how radio impresses a famous novelist and short story writer. She calls her article "I Never Dial In," but don't misinterpret the title. You'll enjoy her shrewd observations.

Is Radio A Menace to Children?
Dr. Louis A. Bisch answers this question from the viewpoint of an eminent psychiatrist. Every parent will want to read this vital article on the unseen guest in the home.

How "March of Time" Program is Produced
The fascinating story of the production of a leading news program of the air. The story of how it's written, rehearsed, and acted gives a fascinating glimpse of what goes on behind the microphones.

How Radio Saves Lives at Sea
Back of the dramatic rescue stories of sea disasters such as the sinking of the *Vestris* and *Republic* lies the untold tale of the part radio plays in such crises. The whole story makes an unbelievably gripping drama from real life.

IN EVERY ISSUE:

- Intimate Gossip of the Studios
- Latest News from Behind the Mike
- Personality Stories of Radio Favorites
- Fiction, Features, Portraits
- Ida Baily Allen's Home-making Department

Ask Your Dealer For

RADIOLAND

The New Magazine of the Air



On Sale at all News Stands **15c**

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION



Faded Blonde Hair is Old Hair!

MAKE YOUR HAIR RADIANTLY *YOUTHFULLY* BEAUTIFUL WITH MARCHAND'S



EVEN if you are only 21. If your blonde hair has become faded or darkened—IT'S OLD LOOKING. It lacks the allure and fresh loveliness it should have—AND CAN HAVE!

Blondes! Keep your hair radiantly, ***youthfully,*** beautiful with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Pretty hair is your birthright. Enjoy all the admiration (and envy) it can bring you!

Marchand's will make your hair an even, lustrous shade that you'll like—one that's becoming to you. Try a single "secret" treatment to see for yourself. Marchand's works in a conservative REFINED way. You can control the effect—lightening hair just the tiniest shade. No one else need know—it will be your "secret." New hair growing in can be matched skillfully. Hair that has always been dark can also be beautified if lightened with Marchand's. Not a dye. Complete directions on bottle makes it simple to do yourself.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Unnoticeable With Marchand's

Have smooth, dainty arms. Wear the sheerest hose. Use Marchand's because it avoids the two great disadvantages of other methods. 1. It does not make the skin hard and stubbly. 2. It does not promote a coarse re-growth of hair. Marchand's is quick, inexpensive and effective.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—MARCHAND'S.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail

For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Dept. 1-A

Your Name_____

Address_____ City_____ State_____

Druggist's Name_____

Address_____

The Editor's Mailbag

Continued from page eleven

A Good Trick

How Does Mae West manage to walk after she adds six inches to her height through her slippers? Surely it wouldn't add to her delectably feminine self to be other than graceful—but how does she ever manage?

HELEN FIGI,
South Wayne, Wisc.

More Jack

WILL someone please tell me why Jack Oakie is never the "headliner" when a picture is advertised? He is never mentioned as the star, but as far as I am concerned he has stolen every picture he has ever played in. He typifies wholesome, good-natured youth—the kind that can take it and grin. Let's have more of him!

MOLLY JORAN,
10509 Clifton Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio.

She's Angry

When I Read The interview with Jean Acker by Gladys McVeigh, such a feeling of violent irritation arose in me I was just "mad." How could Jean Acker see such strong physical and facial resemblance between Raft and Valentino? How can she see Valentino in Raft? Valentino with his velvety softness and mysterious glamor—fascinating and artistic.

Valentino was different. He was a soaring eagle—he was great—he was clever, daring, yes shocking, too. He had magnificent talent. He reflected tropics of passion in his love-making.

To me there is something amusing about Raft's love-making. I can't see him as a lover—as a menacing gangster—a gunman type—well, I might appreciate his talents there.

DORIS TAYLOR,
1328 Cabrillo St., San Francisco, Calif.

Wants Them Plump

I HAVE heard that Clara Bow's successful comeback depends upon whether she can reduce sufficiently or not. Why, in the name of heaven, must she? So many actresses have to possess that very slim Harlow or Crawford figure. Personally I would enjoy seeing a plump, healthy looking actress on the screen such as Clara or Mae West.

MISS G. BAY,
1102A So. 35th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

Watch for Mae's Story Next Month

I Could Never Say which of two stars I think is the greatest depression chaser—Mae West or Joan Crawford, for to me they are both marvelous. I think Mae West's article in Hollywood Magazine, "Must a Woman Be Immoral to be Glamorous?", the best ever. She certainly is not afraid to express her thoughts and if folks would be honest in what they believe, they would admit every word is the truth.

Joan Crawford is one of the most wonderful characters in the movies, to weather the storm of physical, mental and spiritual hardships with the courage she did. The expression on her face should be an inspiration for us to have more faith in life and people.

MRS. G. A. BIERSACH,
4803½ Virginia St., Dallas, Texas.

Not a Puritan

WHEN more pictures like *Lady for a Day* are produced, the theatres will hang out more S. R. O. signs. After all is said and done, there's nothing so refreshing, nothing that will make one forget one's cares and worries, like a good, clean picture, well-directed and acted, with a laugh and a tear.

I'm not a puritan, but I have been disgusted with the tawdry, cheap sex stuff the producers have given us in the name of Entertainment. Hip-shaking heroines and mouth twitching heroes may appeal to some, but not me.

MRS. A. BANZ,
1227 Clay St., San Francisco, Calif.

Thanks

You Invited Us To tell you what we'd like to see in Hollywood. First: keep up the fictionizations, they are great. Second: give us more pictures and news about Hollywood. Third: how about letting us know in the preceding issue what date the next issue will come out?

ADRIAN FARINAS, JR.,
204 W. Romana St., Pensacola, Fla.

Every-day Truths

MAY I take issue with Mabel Stultz's letter in which she pleads that "for our kids' sake" the movies desist from "playing up" such repugnant expressions as "I am going to have a baby," etc.?

Where such an expression is repugnant I fail to see. Anyone with a clean mind cannot possibly see anything repulsive about our natural entrance into this world, and certainly children will be all the better off for knowing the plain vital facts of life.

I am a mother of three children and I am grateful to the movies for helping me teach them the natural every-day truths.

MRS. M. FELDMAN,
209 Peters St., S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

Weary of Temperament

After Reading Claudette Colbert's explanation of "Why I've Gone Temperamental" in Hollywood Magazine, I concluded the "Hollywood Technique" must be responsible for such publicity stunts as Katharine Hepburn's patched trousers, Marlene Dietrich's overly-broadcasted pants and the countless other idiosyncrasies one is forever reading about movie stars.

I know it is necessary to keep screen personalities before the public but sometimes I do grow weary of hearing so much about their unique behavior or dress and wish I might think of them as intelligent, polite people who confine their acting to the screen and otherwise lead a sane, normal life.

MRS. C. D. PALMER,
2513 Northway Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Understands, Now

I HAVE often wondered what was the motive which incited movie stars to go temperamental. Claudette Colbert explains the reason very satisfactorily in HOLLYWOOD Magazine and I am very glad that she did for I was inclined to be rather disgusted with the actions of some of the stars. Claudette is entirely justified in going temperamental as everyone knows that directors are not infallible and have made numerous blunders in assignments.

H. A. LOCKWOOD,
1036 Bay View Ave., Oakland, Calif.

Memorial Day

RENEE ADOREE has answered her final curtain call! If we remember her for nothing else, we will at least long associate her with *The Big Parade*, recalling her splendid portrayal in that film.

Too many of the stars of yesterday are forgotten when they are no longer with us. It seems to me that it would be a splendid gesture on the part of Hollywood to set aside one day in the year for the purpose of paying tribute to those who have passed into the great beyond. It might well be called "Hollywood's Day of Remembrance."

JASPER B. SINCLAIR,
318 20th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Lew Ayres Fan

WHAT a man Lew Ayres is, especially since *State Fair*! He made love to Janet Gaynor so sweetly it went straight to my heart. Lew is a truly fine actor and if Hollywood would look at him the way I do it would think so, too.

BERTHA ELIZABETH HART,
Balboa, C. Z., Panama.

Why Are They Favorites?

JEAN HARLOW as a movie star is a distinct favorite with men, but not so popular with women. Valentino was an idol of feminine fans but never stampeded any masculine enthusiasts. And so it is with stars of his type today. Why the sex alignment? Manifestly this divergence of opinion doesn't hinge on histrionic ability. Perhaps the answer lies deep-rooted in biological and psychological truths. Anyway, beneath it all is a shining compliment for this type of star who provokes the boys and girls to argument.

L. B. BURROW,
300 Ridgeway, Little Rock, Ark.

Live and Let Live

I CANNOT understand why some movie fans insist upon their favorite star to have an unblemished reputation. To those of you who insist upon this I ask you in all fairness, "Do you know that every star in Hollywood is just a mere human being just as you and I?" I have yet to find a perfect human being. Why not let our favorites live the way they choose? Shame on any of you that are so silly as to say you are heartbroken over a little wrongdoing of your favorite star.

MRS. GEORGE VEITH,
950 Schiller Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Fill Out Your Chest-Line



ARE you flat-chested? Do you lack the shapely feminine curves that are all the vogue? Is your bust small and undeveloped? Does it sag formlessly instead of standing out firm and round? Thousands of women have used the famous Nancy Lee treatment to enlarge the bust, to mould it to high arching shapeliness, to lift the sag. Just a few minutes a day required.

Add Firm, Shapely Beauty

It is *so* easy the Nancy Lee way! Let me send you my simple instructions, with large container of Miracle Cream for special massage technique. No drugs or appliances, nothing harmful. This is the *natural* way to enlarge and beautify the bust. Try it and see! You risk nothing.

READ!

"My sincere congratulations on your life-saver for thin-busted girls."

"It is making a wonderful improvement in my bust."

"I am happy to tell you that my breasts do not sag any more, are firm, and all my friends say my form is like a young girl's again."

"My bust has developed two inches."

Free • a Beautiful Form



My new illustrated book on bust development is *free!* Take advantage of big bargain offer now: Send only $1.00 for the Nancy Lee Treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream. Free Book included. Your money back if not satisfied. Mail coupon or write, enclosing only $1.00.

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New York, N. Y.

Please send me your developing treatment, including instructions and Miracle Cream, with free book, in plain wrapper. I enclose $1.00. Money back if not satisfied.

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Town .....State .....

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February HOLLYWOOD

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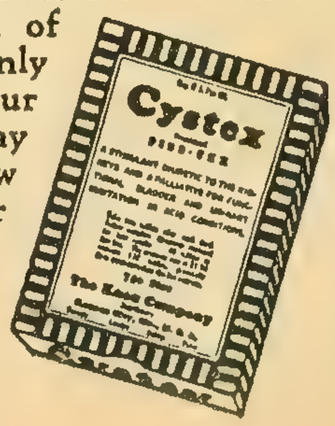
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Christmas Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page thirty-seven

excitedly through thick underbrush on the California hills.

"Look, mother, will *he* like this one?"

"He's sure to, darling! That's beautiful!" Not "la" Dietrich of the dramatic personality speaking. This is Marlene in her biggest rôle—that of mother.

All her life she has followed the quaint old German customs for Christmas, even to setting out a feast presumably for "Kris." Secretly, she herself makes the jolly animal cookies to surprise Maria.

You'll find them everywhere in Hollywood, these gay trees ablaze with colored lights. They decorate every studio set as well.

And The Tales That go the rounds—memories of other Christmases. Una Merkel, chin propped in hands, tells of the time the cast of *Coquette* had to leave New York on December twenty-fourth to open the next day in Chicago. It was pretty bleak, with every click of the rails carrying her further from her family. No one had much to say. You could cut the gloom with a knife until Helen Hayes, the star of the show, insisted that they all come to her hotel suite the next morning. Wonderingly, they went—to be greeted by Santa Claus in person!

Helen had wired ahead for flowers, tree, presents, elaborate dinner and all. And made that Christmas a highlight in place of a heartache.

It takes so little, really, to do that. There was Robert Young's strange experience, for instance.

When Bob was getting his training at the Pasadena Community Playhouse he used to work days for an insurance company. That was in 1929. But even so, Bob came across a good many destitute families because it was his duty to give them formal notice of foreclosure on their house by the company. Did he hate it? He did! Most of the time he'd go back to his boss and report a diptheria sign on the door or give some other excuse for not presenting the notice. And the boss found it out. He was a blustering fellow and the terms he used to discharge Bob were not exactly choice.

Then the "big, bad wolf" came along and blew away his own job, and his house and his car.

It was December twenty-third when the front office at the studio called Bob to say there was a man to see him. "He says he must see you. Matter of life and death." And so it proved. Bob opened the door to discover his old boss sitting there. There was no apologetic look in his eyes; they were too desperate. "It's my wife, Bob. She's sick. There's no food. . . ." The same story Bob had heard so often when he went to deliver those notices! Coming from *this* man!

The two of them went out together—to a grocery store. And before they left Bob had telephoned a doctor.

He visited his one-time boss on Christmas morning. There was a "notice" in his hand. Made up to look exactly like those others, only this one said that until the man found a job there would be money in the bank upon which he could draw weekly.

And so—*Christmas comes to Hollywood.*

◆

Chester Morris Strikes Off His Shackles!

Continued from page forty-three

admitted. "In one thing called *Tomorrow at Seven,* I was cast as a juvenile, a part far too young and unsophisticated for me. In *Breach of Promise,* I had a slim rôle. In *The Infernal Machine* they gave me a rôle that would have been just the thing for Roland Young. I don't care how good an actor is, if he isn't the one who gives the answers, he doesn't show up.

"Half Way Through the preview of *Alibi,* I got up and walked out," said Chester. "I knew I was a flop on the screen and didn't wait for anybody to tell me so. I was in my room, packing my bags to return to Broadway when West found me."

West laughed at his packing and suggested a long-term contract. *Alibi* proved one of the great hits of the screen and Chester, his hands tied on a five-year contract, found himself in demand.

"But," insists Chester, "it wasn't so bad as it sounds. West paid me a handsome salary each week, out of his own pocket. That meant I ate whether I worked or not and I had no financial worries. At first, when other offers with much more money began to come in, I was bitter toward West. Then I began to think it over. I liked the picture game and wanted to stay. I realized that my contract bound West, just as it did me and that he was taking a big gamble on an unknown. I decided that since I was in it, I'd take it on the chin and settle down to make the best of it."

Chester is only twenty-nine years of age. He has five years of screen experience behind him, during which time he was able to study the game, unworried by financial problems or contract troubles. He feels, and rightly, that it has all been for the best and that he only now is beginning his real career.

"I might have been a total flop if I'd been on my own," he admits, "and if I had it to do over again, I'd do the same thing, except that I'd make a contract for two or three years instead of five. I think any young actor, without experience in pictures, who has a chance to get a contract with a man like West, is foolish if he doesn't do it."

Chester's first picture on his own was *Golden Harvest,* at Paramount. Following that he went to Universal for at least two pictures, the first of which, *Kid Gloves,* marks his first screen appearance as a prizefighter. He's like a kid out of school and happier than ever before in his life. He has found out the type of thing he does best and with the ability to pick and choose his own rôles, we're going to see a new and sparkling Chester Morris on the screen.

HOLLYWOOD

Any Girl Can Do What I've Done

Continued from page thirty-eight

extremities since she was ten, climbing up and down neatly piled books. Because, of course, she'd known she was going to be a concert singer and she wanted to be the kind with a good figure.

Weyburn grew discouraged of trying to dissuade her after her twelfth visit. "All right. You win." He put her in the last row of the chorus in *Night Boat.*

No hint yet of the glamorous sparkling girl of *The Love Parade.* But she was learning. It isn't so difficult to break through the chrysalis of the nice ordinary girl to a still nice but fascinating charmer. An easy step—if you care enough to take it. Jeanette cared enough. She began with externals; such as bringing out the golden glints in that red hair of hers. She asked and studied and poked around until she found out exactly the kind of clothes and colors that became her most.

Ned Weyburn had told her she could go on the road with the show at a $5 increase in salary. But she'd have to pay her hotel expenses. The Scotch blood in Jeanette said *no,* it wouldn't be worth it. Better to look for another job. The next morning the long distance call came. *Her father was dead.* He had been taken sick very suddenly at eleven and had died at three.

"I'm Not Going back into any chorus, Mumsie. I'll find a part to do."

The responsibility of the family rested heavily upon Jeanette's shoulders now. But she found the part and incidentally made a friend. A very influential friend who had but to pull strings to alter destinies in the theatrical world. He offered Jeanette a wonderful opportunity and in great excitement she moved her family to New York. Only after they were settled did she discover he had one of those strings attached to the offer. She did what any decent girl would do—walked out of his office and never went back. But that didn't make the winter any easier.

Broadway had never been so cold and blizzardy. It wasn't until a late March sun had melted the frost that she found a place for herself. In *Irene.* It took Jeanette two years of solid plugging to work up to the ingénue lead in *Tip Toes.*

She and the university student had drifted apart; there was no time for other romances. A single-minded girl, this Jeanette.

The road to Hollywood looked as closed to her as the sacred mount of Mohammed. Every picture she had taken told her so.

"You're a terrible photographic subject, darling," her friends assured her frankly. Too scrawny, you see. The bone structure was prominent in all the wrong places.

"I'll stick to the stage," smiled Jeanette. And then, simply because she felt run down and wanted to prepare for a new part, she went on a milk diet. At a sanitarium in New Jersey where they give you eight to ten quarts of pure Holstein a day and don't allow you to stir. In three weeks even her skin tissue seemed to have changed. It had

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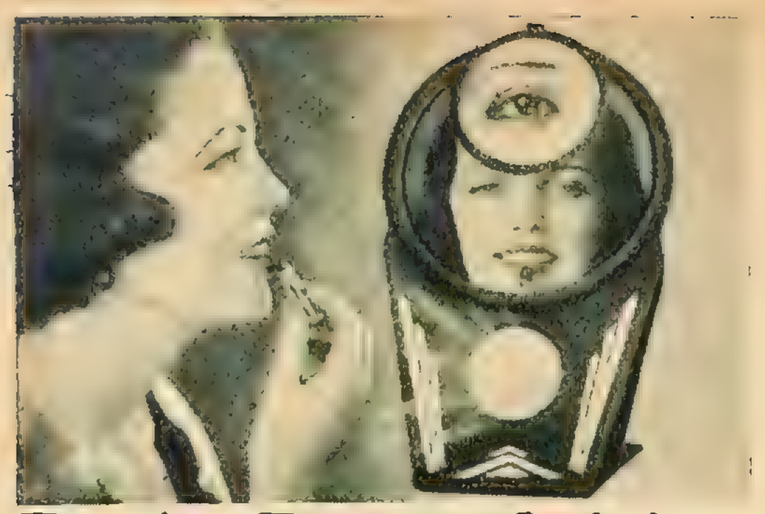
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acquired a creamy lustre and she had filled out in all the right places. To the girl it appeared as if a miracle had been wrought.

She was sure of it the next time she posed for lobby display art. The pictures reflected a different girl. Cheeks rounded, softened profile, and legs—er—not spindly. Not the slightest!

Ernst Lubitsch thought them perfect. In fact that was his first thought when he saw her in Chicago in *Boom-Boom*. Because he was searching for just such a pair—the princess in *The Love Parade* had to have *ne plus ultra* nether extremities when she stepped from the bath. Remember?

And so, on the strength of a milk diet and plenty of spunk, Jeanette came to Film Town—and to the most unique career any star has had.

SHE HAS MADE only ten pictures and every one of them has hit the box office bull's eye. Not a mediocre program production in the lot. Her Hollywood career might have been planned on sheer inspiration. Maybe it was. Who did it? A gentleman by the name of Robert Ritchie. The only other man besides that young student in Jeanette's life.

Seven thousand newspapers have intimated they were married. Some columnists, among them Walter Winchell, have been so bold as to state that they were. They are not. Here's the reason, given by Jeanette herself.

"It isn't so easy somehow to take orders from a husband as it is from a fiancé. Bob has been my manager, and I have been in love with him, for nearly four years. We expect to have a lifetime together. I rather think it will taste all the sweeter because of this prolonged engagement."

It was Ritchie who forbade her signing a long term contract. "Choose your parts. Don't be stuck into them," he warned her. Consequently each MacDonald rôle has been highlighted and heralded far and wide. And then, when he had ferretted out her European rating in the studio foreign department, he announced: "You're going on a concert tour. You rank second to none abroad. Contact with the public will push you even higher. We'll leave as soon as I can arrange the booking."

"But that's impossible. I can't go! They want me for—"

"They want you for a couple of pictures that won't mean a thing to you."

You can see what would have happened had they been married. Arguments. Possibly one of those bitter family deadlocks.

That opening night in Paris, Jeanette knew he was right. There was a terrible moment of weighted silence when she had finished her numbers—then the thunderous applause that Parisiennes reserve for particular favorites . . .

When she returned the MacDonald salary was twice what it had been.

She's back to do such popular plays as *The Cat and the Fiddle* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, before she sets sail for South America for what undoubtedly will be another victory..

Jeanette—the girl who stepped from our rank and file, minus all fanfare, to gather glory. The standard-bearer for Miss Average American.

◆

I've Always Been a Devil

Continued from page forty-four

sented before the Parent-Teacher Association. The headliner of the program, a girl-pianist, was billed over me, and I didn't like the idea. In fact, I didn't like it so much that I stuffed every other key of the piano with cotton, and then watched the girl's horrified expression when she came forcibly down upon the opening chords and a few discordant notes plunked dismally.

"The program was indefinitely postponed with everyone in the school ordered to remain in class until the culprit confessed. Though I was unanimously suspected by every kid in the school, no one dared tell, for fear of the revenge I had dealt once before to a tattle-tale. (I locked him in a cloak closet after school where he remained all night.) It was about seven o'clock when I finally sneaked out of the classroom, and up to the principal's office. He was a tall, handsome blond man to whom I had always wanted to talk—alone. With much dramatic crescendo I admitted that I was the piano-key-stuffer and was prepared to take my punishment. I shall never forget the way he looked at me—and then smiled and finally broke into laughter. Then he took both my hands in his, looked squarely into my eyes and made me promise to tell the kids that he had punished me severely and it hurt awfully.

"Luckily my reputation did not follow my father's itinerary, for upon entering school in New York, I was once more given an enviable assignment—the rôle of *Priscilla* in the school play, *Courtship of Miles Standish*. All the members of the cast had rehearsed conscientiously in their rôles, especially Miles Standish—a boy whom I disliked thoroughly. The big day arrived, and just before the curtain went up, I cornered 'Standish' backstage, tied his arms up over his head, stole his beard and hid it in the hip bustle of my costume. The play ran smoothly until just the crucial moment—when John Alden proposes for Standish—I turned my back to the audience, donned the beard and reeling about wild-eyed exclaimed, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, idiot!'

"The curtain came down midst a 'tch, tch, tch' from the audience, and I was sent home.

To Joan's great ecstasy, and that of all her teachers, her father was booked for Honolulu a few weeks later and Joan was taken out of school to go along.

With all our recounting of Joan's gay, mad exploits, we have failed to mention one important fact about her—that she actually was *serious* about becoming a successful actress—and has. By now, however, you have deduced rightfully that these boisterous, good-humored, wise-cracking rôles she portrays on the screen are not altogether assumed. Joan is like that — always an open-handed, delightful, rough and ready girl whose motto is living fully every minute of her life without trying to be something she isn't.

Beauty at Your Fingertips

Continued from page forty-seven

does — apply an instantly liquifying cleansing cream that seeps right into the pores and roots out the dirt that cannot be eliminated with mere surface bathing? She does this at least twice a day and gives herself a facial two or three times a week.

I remarked not long ago about her truly marble-like skin and this is the answer she gave me: "I sleep nine hours every night. I drink about six glasses of hot water with a bit of lemon juice in it every day. And I never touch fried meats or pastry. For the rest, I use the method of cleansing the face that you gave me." And I confess when I looked at her exquisite skin, that gave me a good deal of satisfaction!

WELL-KEPT HAIR also plays a big part in smartness. Shining hair neatly arranged, that "immaculate look," and groomed hands will put you at your best at the festive Holiday table!

If you want to accent *personality*, however, be vivid and vibrant. Somehow that's synonymous with "pep." So accentuate your rouge and lipstick just a trifle. "Pick up" the corners of your mouth by curving them upward. Do the same with your eyebrow pencil to the corners of your eyes. You want the lines of your face *going up*. Laughing lines. Gay and jolly. Have your hair in chic, saucy little curls at the nape of your neck.

Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are two actresses who typify what I mean by "personality." And they do it in two different ways. Joan is the "hey-hey" girl. Bette is the radiant co-ed. She has combined poise with pep. You feel it in that lovely, husky voice of hers. In her swift but smooth gestures. Both girls have learned the trick of "heightening" their faces. Joan does it with cheek rouge and eye make-up. Bette has brought out the shade of her naturally blond hair to a golden color and dramatized her mouth. So that along with personality she has a touch of glamour.

Glamour—the by-word of this modern age. And who is a more apt example of it than Joan Crawford?

Mystery, not the secretiveness of a Garbo, but that element of eternal feminine mystery that precludes such things as girlish giggles and coy glances . . . striking effects in make-up . . . interesting color contrasts in clothes . . . these are all a part of glamour.

Joan has cultivated a rich voice with full rounded tones—a basic part of this delightful witchery. And in her appearance she has deliberately cultivated *angles*. Done it fascinatingly too. With her eyebrows, for instance; notice their abrupt swerve. Her lips are very full, very rounded. She has used deep eyeshadow to bring out the clear whites of her large eyes—a singularly interesting contrast. And she dresses her hair so that it serves more as a dramatic frame for her features than as a softening influence.

Somehow, a rosy glow and glamour go together. For that reason I'd suggest a slight touch of rouge on your chin. *Also on your elbows when you're wearing a formal gown.* Take a little blondeen rouge and blend it in well on each elbow to break up the long white line of the arm.



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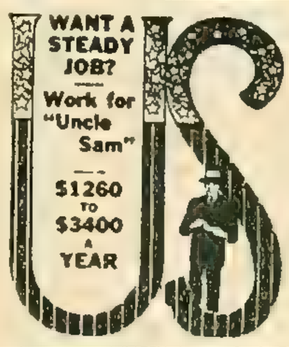
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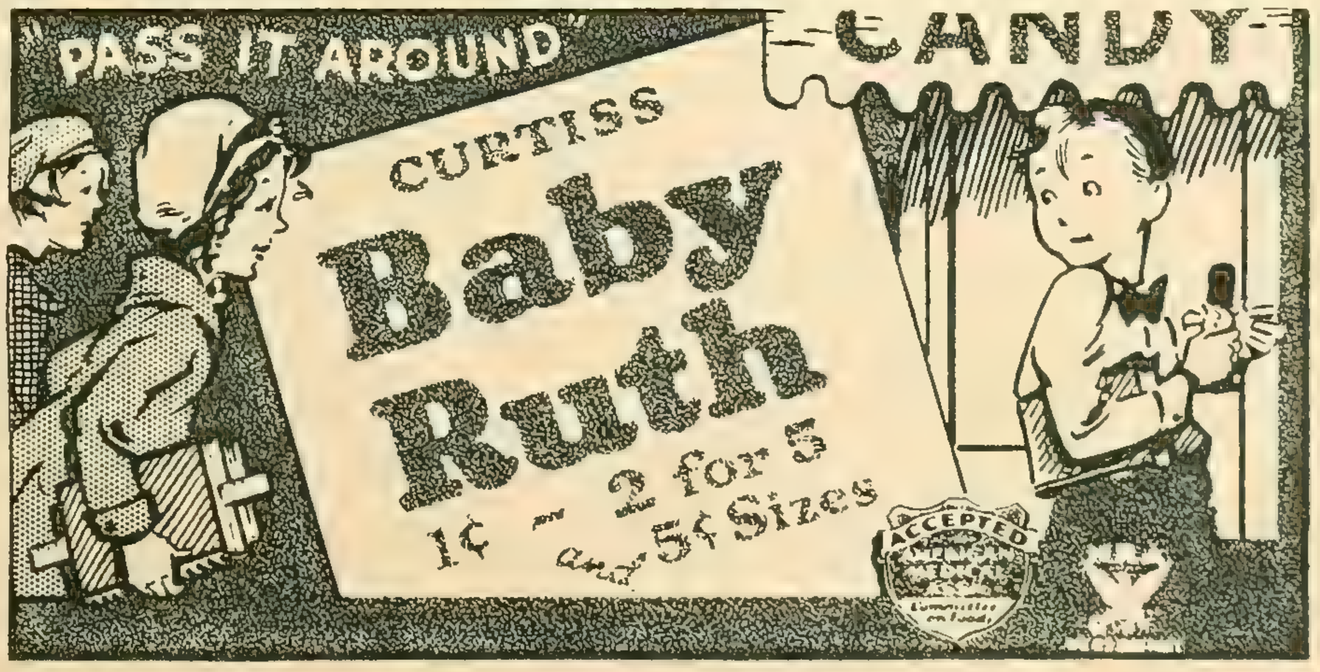
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Mae West's Personal Maid Tells All

Continued from page thirty-three

Her Dressing Quarters at the studio consists of two rooms, a sitting room and a dressing room. Both are done in a shade between peach and rose, combined with pale grey. The floor is covered throughout with a thick carpet of oyster grey. The walls are covered with oval shaped mirrors that hang from ceiling to floor and you find yourself staring back at yourself from every angle.

The vanity in the dressing room is six feet long, with full length triple mirrors, forming a semi-circle of glass almost the length of the vanity itself. On this vanity are all kinds of receptacles in heavy gold, lined with rose. The covers are made of hand-painted French miniatures. There are fifteen large crystal perfume bottles containing perfumes that Libby won't even try to pronounce, and simply calls them by number. Not a bad idea.

There are no pictures on the wall—there isn't room for them with all those mirrors, but there are fresh cut flowers daily to add decoration and color.

The chairs are upholstered in heavy satin in that same shade between the peach and rose. There is also a chaise longue to match the chairs. There are a couple of occasional chairs covered in brocaded blue silk. There is a little piano, a French desk trimmed in gold with a tiny table to match. And Libby says, "Now tell me *that's* no dressin' room!"

It seems that Libby is about relieved of her duties the minute Mae reaches the studio—oh, we expect keeping up the good mood continues—but no actual work. The hairdresser attends to Mae's blonde tresses, giving her a finger wave every day and a shampoo once or twice a week. She also gives the manicures.

A makeup girl makes Mae up for the screen and there's no tricks to it—just plain straight grease paint, rouge powder and mascara.

The clothes she wears in the picture, which are seldom the type she wears off the screen, are all taken care of by a wardrobe mistress. This is absolutely necessary because they aren't made to fit Mae or anyone else. They are made to fit the character Mae is playing, which usually requires a lot of padding here and there, not to mention the uncomfortable stays, built-up shoes and other forms of torture—but it's all for art's sake and Mae can smile often when she is too uncomfortable to breathe properly.

When They Reach the set, Libby and Mae cease to be Maid and Madam, they are co-workers — actresses. Mae never studies, reads, or does anything like that on the set—she is far too busy watching the action, conferring with the director, discussing the work from any and every angle. Everyone on the picture. is of equal importance in her estimation—if not, why have them in the picture? Everyone must have the same time and kind consideration that she receives—and gives. Naturally everyone else is in support of her, they know it and she knows it, but after every scene she thanks those supporters—probably not in just so many words, but in smiles and friendly comments, and how they love to work with her!

During lunch hour, she retires to her dressing room to eat a light lunch of a salad and a cup of tea. If it's very warm, she prefers a cold drink. She does not change her make-up but does touch it up a bit.

After work she goes to her dressing room and removes the make-up and changes into the clothes she wore to work in the morning. Then she goes home.

She always dresses for dinner. She likes to dress for dinner. She is always tired and dressing up seems to rest her, especially if she wears some of her lovely jewels.

For Evening Wear she likes the freedom of low-cut, softly clinging gowns and little furry jackets. Coarse materials, or starchy goods, do not appeal to her. Libby calls her a "Satin girl," and that really best describes her.

Mae is fond of fussy lingerie; silks, satins and lace are all the same to her provided they are in the delicate shades she adores—pale pink, peach and turquoise blue and also white.

She has naturally lovely skin and her only method of keeping it in condition is to never use soap on her face. She uses good cleansing creams, rich in oil, and lots and lots of cold water.

For her physical being, a masseur comes to her home every evening. Even as a little girl she learned from her famous fighting father, "That tense muscles must be relaxed by massage if one would keep fit." When she is between pictures, she enjoys a good brisk walk every day—when she is working, an indoor bicycle takes the place of the walk.

If Mae is going out, she permits Libby to help her dress and then gives her the entire evening off. Mae always selects the clothes she wishes to wear, "She doan need no hep from me on that!" Libby laughs.

Before Libby leaves, she turns down the covers on the bed, but "Muh Madam doan need no hep to get to bed. No, Muh Madam doan care for pajamas; she's partial to nightgowns, an' the prettier they ah the bettah she sleeps, yes suh!"

◆

Sally Eilers gave the girls something to talk about when she appeared at the George Hearsts' dinner party in a tricky gown with sleeves made entirely of flowers.

HOLLYWOOD

War Declared On American Movies

Continued from page forty-one

to be a hair raiser—like our "the-Indians-are-coming pictures—only with blacks instead of Indians. The government killed it in its cradle because they said it did not present conditions rightly. And the stockholders in the company lost all their money.

Punishment?

I Don't Know How wicked Australia has been in the past; but I can't believe that any country has ever done anything to deserve these English pictures. They are the most gosh-awful stuff I ever have seen on any screen.

The other night one called *Good Companions*—taken from the Priestly book—opened at the Prince Edward Theatre. The sign on the curtain said that this is the only talkie the King and Queen have ever seen.

Under the circumstances, I am going to withdraw my candidacy; I am not going to run for king.

The leading lady is an English girl named Jessie Mathews, and they advertise her as "England's Little Imp of Mischief"—which tells more about Jessie than I have strength left to tell.

That's the trouble with English pictures; they are so obvious. The funny fellows are too funny and the little imps of mischief are too frolicsome.

Fay's Director

Although some of our own—showing over here—are plenty bad. I saw Fay Wray in *Ann Carver's Profession.* It made me sad. The quickie director made Fay do everything that von Stroheim spent a solid year telling her not to do.

If Von could have had Miss Wray for another year he might have made a topside actress of her. Or killed her.

It is a curious thing, but nobody that Von Stroheim or Griffith ever directed amounted to very much thereafter. I have worked with both of them. Their methods are so peculiar. They so dominate every thought and movement of the actors that—thereafter—the stars are like horses without bridles.

Will Doug Be a Duke?

I Hear That Douglas Fairbanks—having parted from Mary — is in England planning to produce pictures. It is my guess that he will never come back. Doug has become so used to dukes and counts that he is not happy in America.

I happen to know that, for years, he tried to get Mary to go to Europe to be Lord and Lady of the old manor house Doug just licks this stuff up. I don't think Mary—after the first thrills—was much excited over crowns and coronets.

If Doug should go seriously into English pictures, he might revolutionize them. He has undoubted genius as a producer — although somewhat out of tune with the modern story.

Dramas of the Service

The best picture I have seen for a long time is *Hell Below*—which has just hit Australia. It came at a fortunate time—when the air of the Pacific is filled with war rumors.

This is one of a string of navy pictures written by a retired and invalided officer; and they have the flavor of the service. Everything in *Hell Below* could have happened—and probably did.

Pale Blondes

I Am Discouraged about the rising crop of American girls. I have seen four pictures in which glowing "finds" have been triumphantly displayed for the world to see. To me they are all vacuous, vapid little blondes without a spark of beauty or character.

To my mind the best girls coming to the front—although they haven't much further to come—are Kay Francis and Myrna Loy.

Miss Francis is a gorgeous creature and little Myrna Loy has a sincerity of method that might start her on the way to greatness.

But after all, my favorite American girl is Marie Dressler. That old gal could recite the alphabet and make me want to go back to the kindergarten.

News Reel Theatre

The experiment of a theatre running only news reels was tried and was a flop in Los Angeles and other big cities. One is running in Sydney with great success.

The folks not only sit with rapture through news events months old; but they sit tense on the edge of their seats through advertising reels, showing how darned easy it is to mow a lawn with Prof. Poofensocker's famous lawn mower.

To Conquer Hollywood

Two Hopeful young souls are sailing for Hollywood on the *S. S. Monterey* to fill a long-felt want in the movies. They are winners of a search-for-beauty contest staged by Paramount in Australia.

One is a sub-deb of a prominent family in Melbourne; name Gwen Monro. She is a brunette, aged nineteen; speaks seven languages and rides horses, swims and all such. The Paramount people here seem to feel that all this is important; to be an interpreter of the fine arts I suppose you have to know a lot of languages. If hers is the experience of most beauty contest winners who come to Hollywood all she really needs is just one language to cry bitter tears in.

The other search-for-beauty contest winner is a young lawyer named Brian Norman. I don't know how beautiful he is; but he has a good screen name.

Japs Move In

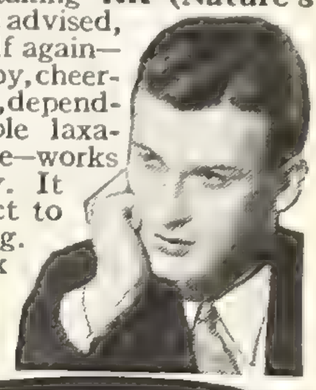
Following the example of the English, the Japanese have begun a great drive to chase American pictures out of the Orient markets.

From our stand-point, they are awful; but as Tokio turns out more feet of picture film than Hollywood by a good margin, somebody must like them.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



SHE *could* have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR (Nature's Remedy)**, as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.



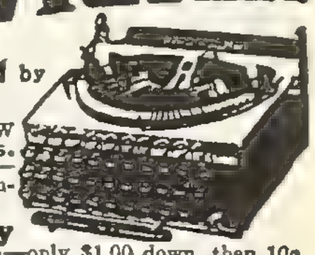
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See page 10



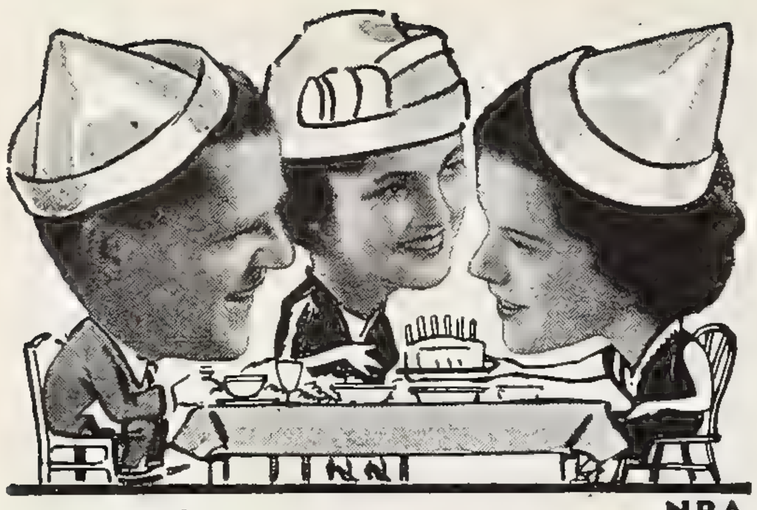
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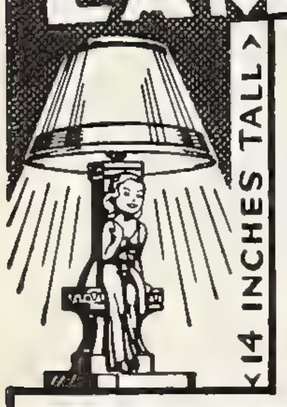


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Undraped Movies?

Continued from page twenty-three

and others spent a week in Hobart Glassey's camp, Elysia, filming most of the picture there. Like all visitors, they were required to dispense with most of their clothing.

"We were soon used to it and felt completely at home," Foy delared.

A member of Foy's troupe of fifteen film workers was very anti-nudist at the outset. He later joined the colony!

While the picture was being filmed, a business man from a California city joined the Glassey colony. He came in as a skeptic, demanding to be "shown!" In a few days he sent for his wife, sixteen-year-old daughter and his twelve-year-old son. They were all enrolled! Persons of all ages, religions, pursuits and degrees of poverty or wealth mingle in this democracy of the nudists, and everyone is addressed by his or her first name only. Class distinctions, like clothes, are discarded inside the gates of the secluded, pretty forest retreat.

In this typical colony, says Foy, are week-enders, vacationers and more permanent dwellers. He calls them "Neither wild-eyed fanatics nor cultists, but very pleasant, decent, sane folks."

Optimists among producers see signs of growing enlightenment and tolerance. They point out that it proved as hard to pin a charge on Sally Rand — and make it stick—as to keep her clothes on, and that the first Chicago judge to whom Reformer Mary Belle Spenser appealed against Sally, refused indignantly to act, saying: "Is nudity a crime? Some people would put pants on a horse! A half century ago they pinched Mary Walker for wearing pants. Today, any girl can wear pants and nobody arrests her!"

And they cite with distinct triumph how police recently arrested four "Seven Veil" dancers because they *didn't* strip off the final veil, after encouraging cash customers to think they might! As a judge remarked on this case: "It's more of a crime to take money under false pretenses than to expose a perfectly well-made human body!"

SOME FILM AUTHORITIES forsee censorship battles. The optimists overlook the fact that during one week, in gay Los Angeles, three girls were arrested for dancing in the nude. Nor did the optimists look to Europe for lessons. While many European nations are going nudist very rapidly, unabashed and unarrested, the police in wicked France are arresting folk right and left, not only for nudity, but for daringly draped displays of the body on Paris streets and at the French beaches.

Those famous French establishments, once so popular, where tourists are shocked and one pays to see nudity, had been suffering from this wholesale free competition. Something *had* to be done to increase their business, so the police set about doing it.

Some producers are trying for nudist effects rather than direct nudist dramas. One "independent," wishing to make a film using the psychology of a people untrained in the art of being ashamed of their bodies, plans to produce a feature with Japanese characters in Japan, where most bathing is done on one's front porch. M-G-M has announced the filming of a jungle picture dealing with the lives and loves of the Tariano Indians, a nudist tribe in the wilds of Brazil. The Marquis de la Falaise got ahead of the parade with his new film of Bali, *Legong, the Dance of the Virgin.*

Hollywood is full of other indications of the undraped trend. Many famous artists' models have been summoned to the studios. Maria Corda, who wished to be a bit too nude for American audiences at the time she filmed *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* here, is said to have had an offer of stardom in America.

Musicals and other films using chorus girls are getting as nude as clothes will permit. The latest dodge invented—it has not yet been used—is to film dancers nude except for costumes of cellophane, tinted so that they appear opaque to eye and camera — until colored filters are slipped in front of the camera lenses. The nude is then glimpsed fleetingly, and vanishes so magically, that even a censor might think his guilty imagination was tricking him!

Whatever develops from the nudist film situation, will come about speedily.

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Groucho Marx Time

Continued from page twenty-one

that staunch little man of seven summers, six winters, and eight teeth, in an old ramshackle dictaphone, without even a pair of dice to keep him company. How many other children can say as much? How many can say anything? Don't tell me, I don't want to know. So, just picture for yourself that little man. Or picture for yourself a big man. No, forget it. Doesn't that go to prove that Amos 'n' Andy are not as black as they're painted? Now, get out of here. If you don't, I'll call Harpo and he'll steal the shirt off your back."

I laughed cynically. "Ha, ha." I raised the sweat shirt I was wearing and exposed my bare back. "I know you Marx boys," I said. I'm not wearing a shirt. Any nudes is good nudes."

And so we both had a good laugh over the whole affair, and parted just as good friends as we were before, me with a knife in my back. Before I left I asked Groucho why he usually sang when he was in his swimming pool.

"Why," he looked at me askance, "don't you know? I'm practising to be a high diva for my next picture—*Duck Soup.*"

Broadway Thru a Keyhole

Continued from page twenty-seven

He parted the drapes over a window and disclosed a bullet-proof sheet-iron shutter which closed with a heavy clang.

"They keep out the sunshine," Joan observed critically.

"That ain't all we hope to keep out," said Chuck with a grim smile.

In a politely professional tone the decorator advised, "I would suggest a pale green or perhaps ivory."

"Paint them any color you want," Rocci said and then turned to Joan. "Someday when I don't have to have these on my windows," he tapped the metal with his ring, "I'm going to ask you a real question."

Joan was about to speak when there came a rattle of machine guns and a rain of bullets against the iron shutters. The girl and the racketeer happened to be standing with their backs to the closed half of the shutter out of direct range of the bullets that came through the open space and peppered the wall.

At the sound of the first shots Rocci dragged Joan to the floor and held her there until the throbbing of a high-powered motor car indicated the gangsters were making a getaway.

Her face white with fear, Joan sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Frank! Frank!" she exclaimed. "Did they get you?"

"No, honey, there's nothing to fear," he replied soothingly. "It's all over now." He helped her to a chair.

For the first time the girl realized what it really meant to be a racketeer. She clutched Rocci's arm.

"They'll try again to kill you. You must get away from here."

"No, I'm not going but you are."

"I'm in no danger," Joan protested. "They were shooting at you."

"All the same," Rocci went on, "you're leaving town tomorrow. You and Sybil are going to take a trip to Maine, Florida, California, any place you want to go; the farther away the better. But you are going to blow this town until I square things with Tim Crowley and his mob."

After A Conference with Sybil, Joan decided to do as she was told and selected Miami as a pleasant hideout for the winter months.

According to Sybil the first week at Miami was a complete washout.

"I guess we've blown in at the tail end of the mating season," she said. And then came Peanuts Dinwiddie out of the blue.

Sybil aamitted that Peanuts was about everything a man should not be. "But anyway he wears pants and he'll take us places," she argued when Joan pointed out his shortcomings. "And he does know people," Sybil added. "I'm sick of hanging around this room waiting for the phone to buzz."

"All right, have it your own way," Joan conceded. As a result the girls were the guests of Peanuts Dinwiddie at the "Grove" in the Rooney-Plaza where the famous crooner, Clark Brian, was the attraction.

When Joan discovered that Peanuts actually knew Brian the evening took on a new interest, for Clark had long been her favorite radio performer.

The blood rose to her cheeks as the noted crooner approached with Peanuts.

"I want to present Mr. Brian, Miss Smith and Miss Whelan."

Clark chose the chair next to Joan.

Joan's experience with men had not been great, but she knew instantly on looking into the singer's eyes that there was something about him which thrilled her as she had never been thrilled before. She liked Frank but the emotion he aroused was calm; he was like an elder brother.

When Clark asked her to dance she was flustered. On the floor swaying to the soft rhythm of a fox-trot she wanted to close her eyes in a dream which would have no ending—a dream of floating through moonshot clouds while held in the strong arms of the handsome man who guided her so deftly.

Clark saw her the next day and for many subsequent days. They swam together, rode horseback and sat for dreamy hours under palm trees. They strolled along the beach when there was no light save that from the stars.

It was on one of these moonlight walks that Clark folded Joan in his arms and for the first time pressed a kiss on her lips. She did not protest as the embrace tightened. As he drew her yielding body close to his she closed her eyes and gave herself to the full ecstasy of being kissed by the man she loved.

It was after midnight when she hurried through the deserted hotel lobby and up to her room.

One of Rocci's henchmen happened to be in Miami. Joan ignored him and, being of a vindictive disposition, he dispatched the following wire:

CHUCK HASKINS,
GLENWOOD ARMS,
NEW YORK CITY.

TELL ROCCI HIS HEART AND A CANARY NAMED CLARK BRIAN ARE HAVING JOLLY MOMENTS DOWN HERE UNDER THE PALM TREES STOP SEEN IT WITH MY OWN LAMPS.

LOUIE.

Five minutes after receiving this message, Rocci was on the phone ordering Joan back to New York.

Rocci And Chuck met the girls at the station and drove them to Joan's apartment. After Joan had removed her wraps and she was alone with Frank the racketeer eyed her keenly.

"You've got a nice tan," he said.

"I spent most of the days on the beach. It was glorious."

Rocci moved toward her, a softer expression on his face.

"Listen, honey, give it to me straight. What's it all about?"

The girl twisted uneasily. "What do you mean, Frank?"

This time Rocci spoke brusquely. "Are you stuck on that guy?"

"Do—you—mean—a—"

"You know perfectly well who I'm talking about. Clark Brian, if you want his name. Did he make a pass at you?"

"That's exactly what he didn't do."

"Joan, I've always been on the level with you."

"You say that as if you didn't trust me."

"I've got to know where I stand. You've always been first, you know that.



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You say I've done a lot of things for you. Well, it's been fun. You don't owe me a thing, honey. Knowing you and being with you has been payment enough. If you want things to be different now, let's hear it."

Joan hesitated for fear of what Rocci might do to Clark if he knew the truth.

"You know how I feel," she said evasively.

Frank took her in his arms and Joan, tense with conflicting emotions, submitted to his passionate kisses although she was torn by a sense of treachery to the man she loved and to her benefactor. After all, she wanted to make Frank happy and could not bear to hurt him.

Soon After Joan's return to the white lights readers of Walter Winchell's daily column were made curious by the following paragraph:

Because Clark Brian suddenly took a run-out powder on his bookings at the Rooney-Plaza in Miami, he will probably be socked by the hotel with a damage suit of $100,000 via the breach-of-contract gag. Dame trouble, Clark?

Joan read the pithy item with a sense of approaching calamity. The night show was over and having removed her make-up she was about to change to street attire. There came a knock on the door and expecting a visit from Rocci she called, "Come in."

Reflected in her make-up mirror was the figure of Clark, his eyes wild with excitement. Swept by a surge of emotion, she arose and was caught in his embrace, everything forgotten save the fiery joy of his kisses.

"Oh, Clark, I've missed you so," she murmured. "Hold me tight. Let me feel that you are really here. I'll never let you out of my sight again."

He drew her closer and then a shudder of fear crept over her as she realized his danger. Drawing away she exclaimed, "But you shouldn't have come! I don't know what Frank will do to you! He'll be wild with jealousy!"

"I'm not afraid if you love me. I'm not afraid of anything except losing you."

"But you don't know Frank," Joan protested. "He's liable to be here any minute."

Scarcely had she spoken this warning when there came a knock on the door. Joan opened it just far enough to peep out without allowing anyone to see into the room.

"Are you dressed?" Rocci's voice was hoarse.

"No—no, not quite." The girl's body was hidden behind the door.

"Then what's that crooner doing in there?" The words came cold and sharp. Rocci placed his foot in a position to block a closing of the door while Joan still tried to shield her visitor.

Then Clark stepped forward and pushed the door open and the two men confronted each other tense and alert.

Joan regarded them with helpless fright. Rocci turned, his eyes narrowed into flinty slits. For the first time in his life he spoke harshly to Joan. "Get out!" he ordered.

But Joan's first thought was for the safety of Brian. "Please, Frank, please! I asked him to come here. It's all right."

The gangster's eyes were fixed in a piercing, deadly stare. He grasped the girl's arm so firmly that she winced, pushed her through the doorway and into the corridor, then closed the door and faced his rival.

Clark Watched The gangster closely. It was a test of his courage and even when Rocci reached into his pocket the crooner did not flinch.

"I didn't expect to meet you this way, Rocci," he said, "but I intended to get in touch with you about Joan."

Rocci's expression remained inscrutable as he waited for Clark to continue.

"Now that we've met, I really don't know how to start. I've heard you were a square dealer." Clark paused before saying the words that might mean his death. "I know that I love her more than my own life. I know that whatever happens to me doesn't really matter—if I can't have her. You can get your gang after me or do anything you like but you can't stop my wanting her."

The words poured from Clark's lips in a hot stream: "You see, Mr. Rocci, I can't even believe that I am standing here talking to you this way. I'm not a fearless guy at all. But I just can't go on living without the only thing that gives me the courage to confront you and tell you the truth straight from my heart.

"Joan has told me how much you have done for her. She is grateful but you must not confuse gratitude with love. She didn't want me here—or you to know about me—for fear of what you might do—not to her but to me. I'm glad I've met you, though—so I could tell you how much I love her. I want to marry her and I leave it to you, Rocci, to decide whether I live for her or die."

Rocci dropped his cigarette and calmly walked toward Clark. He looked the crooner straight in the eye and spoke quietly, "O. K. Just be good to her." He picked up his hat and gloves and left the room.

A few weeks later all Broadway and a section of Park Avenue were interested in the marriage of the famous crooner and the pretty dancer from the Klub Kaley. Frank Rocci, president of the Poultry Protective Association, attired in a morning coat and top hat was among those present.

Also among those present at the church door was one Tim Crowley, whose name loomed large on the social register at police headquarters. It was Tim who had broken away from the Rocci Poultry Protective Association and who had sprinkled lead into the walls of Rocci's newly decorated apartment. And it was Tim who had sworn vengeance on his erstwhile partner.

In the confusion and commotion consequent upon the appearance of the bridal party after the ceremony, Tim and three of his henchmen kidnaped the bride as she was about to step into a limousine.

Before anyone realized what was happening, the gangsters whisked Joan into a waiting car and a moment later with curtains drawn the machine darted away. Skidding around corners and flashing through side streets, Tim's car soon stopped in front of an uptown hotel.

Meanwhile, one of Tim's gang also in accord with previous arrangements in the belief that Rocci would trail Tim to the hotel, had tipped off the police that the bride had been kidnaped by Rocci in revenge on Clark for having married his girl.

Rocci, As Tim expected, trailed the gangster's car to the hotel. He arrived just in time to see Crowley leave the building, jump into his car and speed down the quiet street.

Rocci thought fast. Joan might still be in the car. But if so why had Crowley wasted valuable minutes stopping at the hotel. Rocci demanded the key from the frightened room clerk and entered the suite where he found Joan prostrate on the bed. He rushed to the bathroom, soaked a sponge in cold water and bathed the head of the exhausted girl. She had revived sufficiently to look up at him dazedly when there came a pounding on the door.

Rocci propped Joan up on pillows and with a reassuring, "Don't be frightened. I'll be back in a minute," left the room. He threw open the door to confront the police.

Rocci placed his hand in a pocket of his coat, a gesture which the police interpreted as a move to draw his gun and before the racketeer had a chance to speak there came three sharp reports. Rocci crumpled to the floor, blood trickling through the fine raiment which he had donned for the wedding. He was taken to a hospital with three bullet wounds.

The tabloids carried pages of pictures of all concerned in the fracas and bulletins on the wounded man's condition. But not even the columnists were at the keyhole of the hospital room the following day when Joan sat at Rocci's bedside.

"No use crying, Joan," he said. "Nobody blames you and you know I don't."

"But, Frank, it is just as if I had pulled the trigger."

The racketeer patted her hand consolingly. "It's all my fault for being just the kind of guy I am. Where's Brian?"

Joan smiled through her tears. "He wanted to see you but I wouldn't let him. I thougnt maybe—"

"He's a right guy," Rocci interrupted. "Got plenty of what it takes, too."

They were silent as a nurse entered the room. "Time's up," she said. "Doctor's orders."

Joan folded Rocci's unwounded hand in both of hers. "You will get well, won't you?"

A wan smile stole over the gangster's face. "Anything for you, kid. How about a little good luck kiss?"

Joan leaned over the bed and kissed him tenderly. "You're just about the finest man I ever knew."

"Oh, cut it," said Frank. "You'll have me crying next."

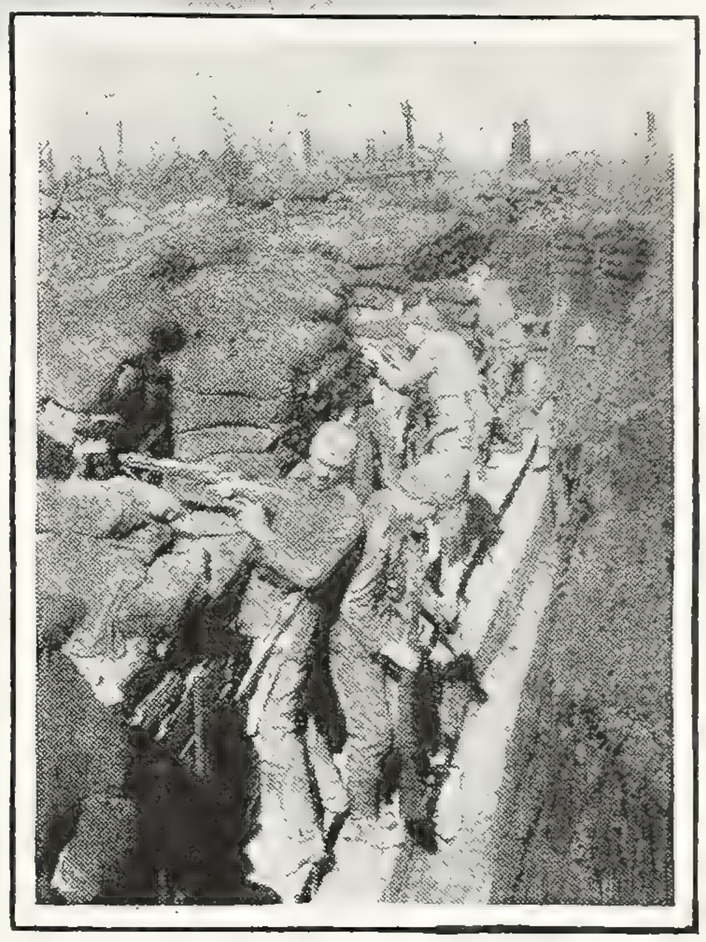
When Joan stole quietly from the room there was a peaceful smile on Rocci's face. Through the open window there came a familiar voice over the radio:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your New York correspondent again . . . Far be it from Winchell to try and glorify a gangster, but there are a few things to salute this one for at any rate! . . . In fewer words, the snatch was arranged by gang enemies . . . not by Rocci . . . and even if they get me for springing the real truth, that's the way I want to fade out of this picture! . . . FLASH! FLASH! Big Tim Crowley, who was the one who put Rocci on that spot with the cops, was just found murdered in front of his home! . . . Yes, indeedy—that's one time they shot the right guy!"



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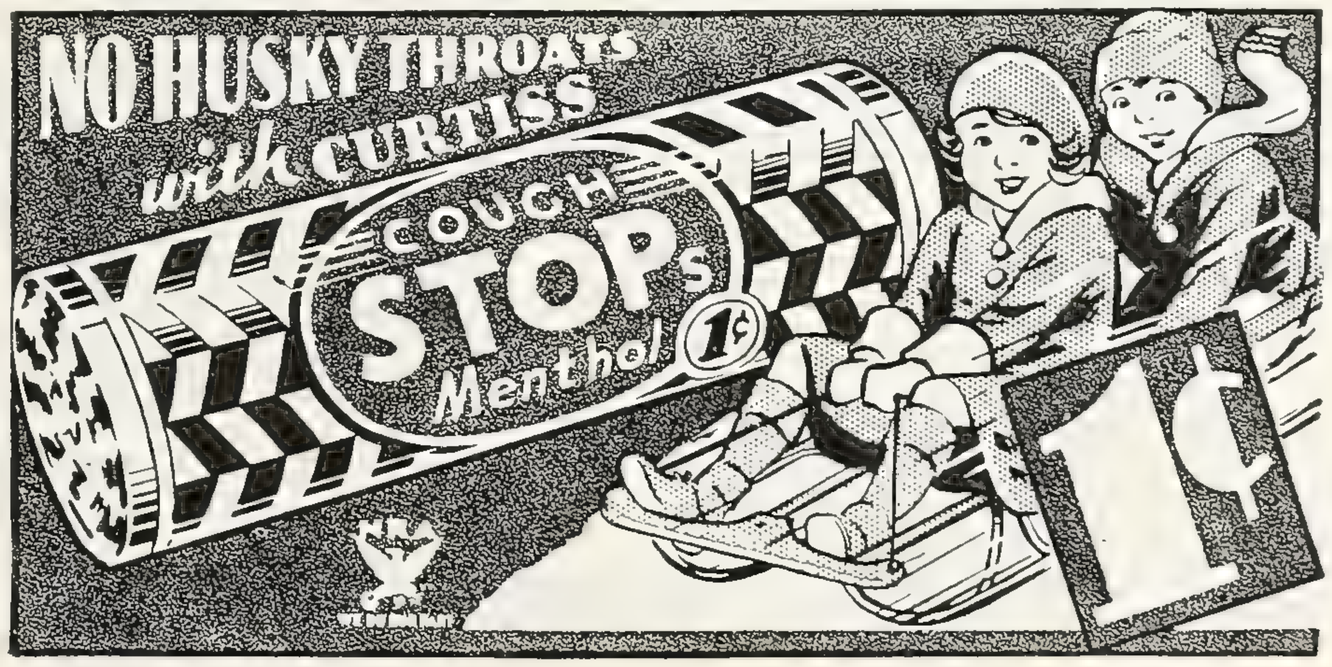




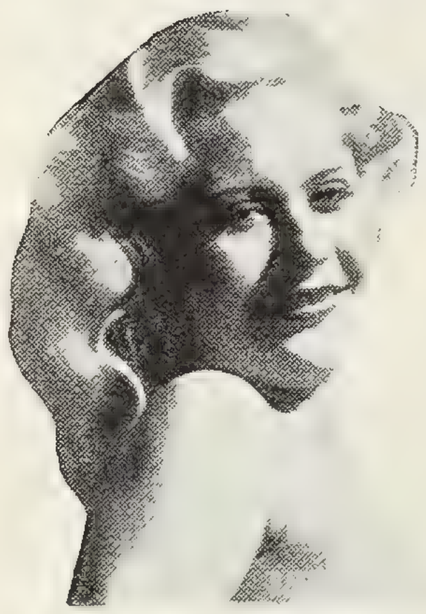
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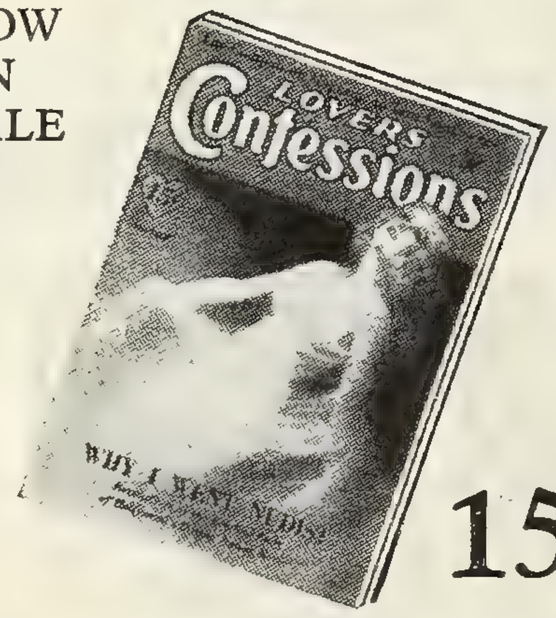
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THE GUIDE TO NEW PICTURES!

Brief reviews of the season's film fare

NEW PRODUCTIONS

AAA—A MAN'S CASTLE—Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young score in beautiful story that will appeal to idealists.—*Fox.*

AAAA—BOMBSHELL—Jean Harlow at her best in a satirical story of Hollywood and a movie star. Lee Tracy excellent. Perfect entertainment.—*Metro.*

AAA—CHANCE AT HEAVEN—Three cornered love with Joel McCrea compelled to decide between Marian Nixon and Ginger Rogers. Good hokum, comedy and romance.—*Radio.*

AAA—COLLEGE COACH—Genuine entertainment in story of a football racket as pursued by a university. Pat O'Brien, Lyle Talbot, Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell.—*Warners.*

AAA—ELYSIA—Beautiful photographed story of life in a nudist camp, delicately handled and will not shock.—*Bryan Foy.*

AAAA—ESKIMO—Beautifully filmed, unforgettable story of life in the far North; all-Eskimo cast excellent.—*Metro.*

AAA—FEMALE—Ruth Chatterton at last in rôle worthy of her talents. Witty, amusing, dramatic story of dual-natured woman. George Brent, Johnny Mack Brown.—*First National.*

AAA—FROM HEADQUARTERS—Headquarters homicide solves an engrossing murder mystery. Recommended as an exciting time for all. George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Eugene Pallette.—*Warners.*

AAA—HAVANA WIDOWS—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell score in story of gold-digging chorus girls. Guy Kibbe, Lyle Talbot.—*First National.*

AAA—SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—A pigskin hero looks upon football as a racket until blackmail awakens his college spirit. Robert Young, Leila Hyams, Johnny Mack Brown, Mary Carlisle.—*Universal.*

AAA—THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—Kay Francis tops all previous rôles in absorbing story of mother love. Gene Raymond, Ricardo Cortez, Sheila Terry.—*Warners.*

AAA—THE MADE GAME—Spencer Tracy scores in story of gangster who returns from prison to break up kidnaping activities of his mob. Don't miss it. Claire Trevor, John Miljan, Kathleen Burke.—*Fox.*

AAAA—THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY—Entertainment plus, with prizefighter winning gangster's sweetheart. Max Baer, Primo Carnera, Myrna Loy, Jack Dempsey and others in great cast. See it.—*Metro.*

AAA—WAY TO LOVE—Not as good as some of Maurice Chevalier's pictures but entertaining. Deals with complications resulting when he befriends Ann Dvorak, partner of a knife-thrower.—*Paramount.*

AAA—WHITE WOMAN—Charles Laughton, Carole Lombard and Charles Bickford in sophisticated story of love in Malay archipelago.—*Paramount.*

NOW SHOWING AT NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRES

AA—ACE OF ACES—Richard Dix as pacifist who became a fighting aviator. Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Bellamy.—*Radio.*

AAA—AGGIE APPLEBY—Wynne Gibson's in love with Charlie Farrell and William Gargan in amusing, sophisticated story. ZaSu Pitts, Betty Furness.—*Radio.*

AAA—ANN VICKERS—Irene Dunne, Bruce Cabot, and Watler Huston in Sinclair Lewis' sophisticated novel. Adult fare.—*Radio.*

AAA—BRIEF MOMENT—Carole Lombard weds Gene Raymond and attempts to save him from harmful family and associates' influence. Sophisticated.—*Columbia.*

AAAA—BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY—Packed with laughter and tears this story of the apple-vendor who poses as a society matron is nearly perfect. May Robson, Warren William and Glenda Farrell.—*Columbia.*

AAAA—BERKELEY SQUARE—Fanciful story in which a man is suddenly set down to live in a bygone century. Leslie Howard and Heather Angel give inspired performances.—*Lasky-Fox.*

AAAA—BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD—Alice Brady and Frank Morgan score in story of three generations of actors.—*Metro.*

AAAA—DINNER AT EIGHT—Fascinating drama, comedy and tragedy with Lionel and John Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Warner Baxter, Lee Tracy, Karen Morley, Phillips Holmes, Madge Evans, Franchot Tone.—*Metro.*

AAA—EVER IN MY HEART—Barbara Stanwyck excellent in beautiful but tragic love story. Ralph Bellamy, Otto Kruger and others.—*Warners.*

AAA—GOLDEN HARVEST—Interesting, moving tale of growing and selling of wheat. Richard Arlen, Chester Morris, Genevieve Tobin, Rosco Ates.—*Paramount.*

AA—I LOVED A WOMAN—Edward G. Robinson weds Genevieve Tobin but continues to love Kay Francis. Not up to his usual standards.—*First National.*

AAA—LADIES MUST LOVE—June Knight, Dorothy Burgess, Sally O'Neill and Mary Carlisle dig gold on Park Avenue. Frolicsome, lively.—*Universal.*

AAA—MIDSHIPMAN JACK—Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Arthur Lake in gripping story of naval academy life.—*Radio.*

AAA—NIGHT FLIGHT—An unusual story of aviation in the Argentine. John Barrymore, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, William Gargan.—*Metro.*

AAAA—PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING—Janet Gaynor in a delightful romance laid in Ireland. Warner Baxter, Mary McCormic.—*Fox.*

AAA—PENTHOUSE—Warner Baxter perfectly cast in engrossing story of society and underworld. Myrna Loy, Mae Clarke, Charles Butterworth, Phillips Holmes.—*Metro.*

AA—SOLITAIRE MAN—Herbert Marshall disappointing in bewildering tale of an English crook. Mary Boland, May Robson, Ralph Forbes.—*Metro.*

AAA—S. O. S. ICEBERG—Thrilling adventure story. Ernst Udet's flying a highlight. Rod LaRocque in cast.—*Universal.*

AAA—STAGE MOTHER—Alice Brady scores again in title rôle. Maureen O'Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Phillips Holmes.—*Metro.*

AAA—SUE ME—Slim Summerville terrifically funny as a lawyer. ZaSu Pitts and others in amusing comedy.—*Universal.*

AAAA—THE BOWERY—Not a dull moment in this fascinating story of early day Bowery. Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper score heavily. Everybody should see it.—*20th Century.*

AAA—THE WOMAN SPY—Wartime romance that will grip and hold your interest. Constance Bennett scores and Gilbert Roland is convincing.—*Radio.*

AAA—TOO MUCH HARMONY—Bing Crosby continues his film success in entertaining story of theatrical life. Jack Oakie, Judith Allen, Skeets Gallagher.—*Paramount.*

Francis Lederer—Man of Two Worlds

Continued from page sixteen

"You want to be a *real* actor?" he asked.

"Yes," simply, "I've always wanted to be." That was the strange part. He couldn't remember what had given him the idea; it had always just been there.

He knew his father would be against it. Terribly so. A *man* didn't go trekking in front of footlights. But Francis had no talent for music. He could not paint. And somehow, he had to give expression to what was within him.

Perhaps his father recognized the fact the first time he saw the boy act. It was the most dramatic performance Lederer ever was to give.

His actor-patron had trained him secretly to the point where he thought he needed outside help. "If your father knew how you're getting along, he'd raise no objections!" And Francis told his father that evening. Standing before him, hands gripped, and his face queerly white with his intensity. The hardest half hour of his life followed. But at the end of it Lederer accompanied his son to the old trouper's house. He watched one scene evolve into another, interested in spite of himself. The lad had lost his nervousness at the start. He was a man now, showing his work to another.

"I will pay for twelve lessons if you wish to attend the School of Dramatic Arts here." Francis doubted his own hearing. Then he saw his father smile.

I think it was at that moment that he bridged the two worlds with a single leap. He took all the essential warm elements of that earthy one and brought them to the world of glamour. To that gold-sprayed strata in which move kings and statesmen and masters of art—as well as dazzling women. And because he has roots in the one and firm hold of the other, Lederer has become the man of the hour.

Francis Lederer got his "breaks" in singular manner. He'd been playing bits at the old German theatre in Prague and during a brief vacation went to visit his mother. While there, he was chosen by an amateur theatrical group to portray an important rôle in a popular drama.

When he returned to Prague he discovered a guest artist was to put on the same play. The morning that rehearsals were to begin one of the featured players fell ill. His part was the one Lederer had enacted in the Little Theatre. Rather hesitantly, the boy explained that to the star and read the lines for him. The guest artist from Vienna made no comment. He merely turned to the stage manager and said tersely: "You won't have to look further for another actor. He'll do. . . ." Francis never played "bit" parts again. He was a principal.

He was playing leads in Breslau when a famous star from Berlin, Kaethe Dorsch, arrived to give a performance of *Rain*. Instead of sending for some actor of established reputation to play opposite her, she chose the young Czech. Later Miss Dorsch was responsible for bringing him to Berlin. While he was playing in a comedy there which also contained strong love interest, Henny Porten, Germany's Mary Pickford, asked him to appear with her in *Refuse*. That was his introduction to making movies—and a good one it proved. Within a week after it was released he turned down a fortune in picture contracts.

"I prefer," he said quietly, "to do only the plays in which I really have faith and like." And so $500,000 vanished under his with-held signature!

As if to applaud his decision, there came the biggest opportunity of all. A chance to play with the finest Shakesperian actress on the Continent, Elizabeth Bergner, in *Romeo and Juliet*. Berlin still speaks of that production; it was one of those things that live on in theatrical annals.

All during the long run of that play he worked days in motion pictures of his own selection. The manager of the theatre imagined that tall, romantic figure amid the bright trappings of musical comedies. He decided to star him in *Wonderbar*. It was a far cry from the drama of Shakespeare—but Francis surprised the whole of Berlin by "walking away" with the show. If he was popular before, he became a sensation then.

Offers Poured In from the four corners of the earth to repeat his success. Young Lederer chose one from London because it gave him the chance to study English. He was given six weeks to master it sufficiently to open in *Meet My Sister*. But that didn't bother him so much as learning that the play was not an especially good one. It lasted exactly one week.

In an effort to buoy up the spirits of the troupe, he invited them to the Savoy hotel to dinner and—a prominent writer recognized him. Asked him what he intended doing.

"Go back to Germany, I suppose," said Lederer.

"Wait, will you? Basil Dean is looking for an actor to carry the lead in a play he's about to produce—*Autumn Crocus*. I'll wire him tonight about you."

Dean, at the time, was also the RKO representative in Europe. The result of their meeting was not only the lead in Dean's play but Dean opened still another door for Lederer—the one that led to Hollywood.

"I don't wish parts written particularly for me. I want to lose myself in *them*. That is why I chose *Man of Two Worlds* as my first picture here. There is nothing of Francis Lederer in him."

Not in character, perhaps. Not in outlook or manner. But just the same, those two have an everlasting bond between them. . . .

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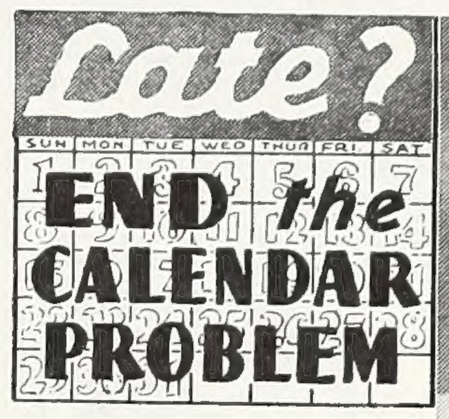
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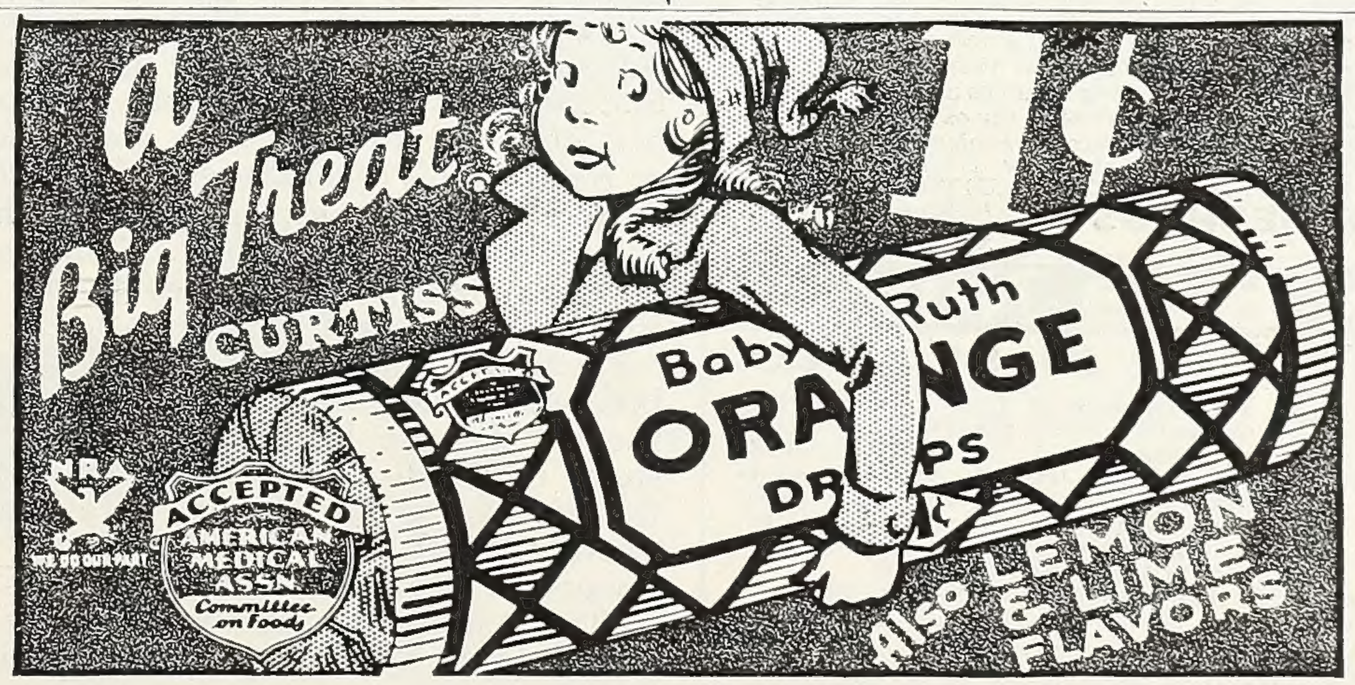
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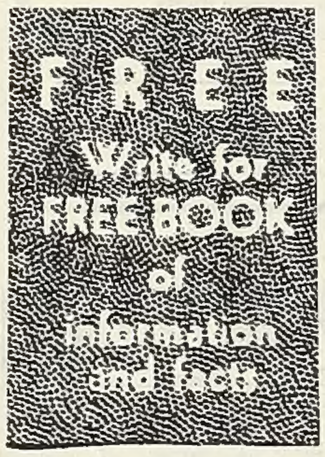
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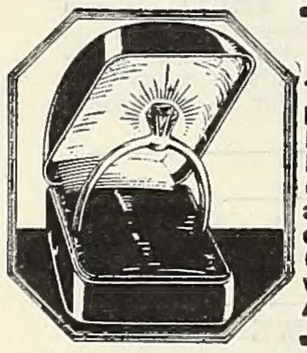
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Maedchen In Hollywood

Continued from page thirty-nine

as a development of long experience.

When she was still in her fifteenth year, she was placed, through her own efforts, under the charge of the great Max Reinhardt, and was sent to the Josephstaedter Theatre in Vienna. The Vienna director was not so enthusiastic about her going on the stage.

"I got so mad," she laughingly told me, "and he said, 'There! That is what you should do.'" As a result, she was given a part.

She played in Vienna for a year and then moved on to other theatres. She was on the stage four years before she was given a chance, by the Emelka Studio, to make twelve motion pictures, one of which was the most successful ever produced in Europe. When, at the end of two years, she had completed her picture contract, she returned to her first love—the stage. She starred behind the footlights for a year in Munich, and then went to Frankfort, where she became a reigning favorite in every conceivable type of rôle, including singing parts in light opera and musical comedy.

Until 1931, This talented actress had never appeared in Berlin nor had been approached by any of the Berlin studios. The unbecoming blond wig she had worn in the pictures she made for Emelka had all but ruined her opportunity for another screen career. Only the fact that the director of *Maedchen in Uniform* was a family and personal friend, in addition to her proven talents, placed her in the cast of that picture.

Her memorable performance as the Fraulein von Bernburg resulted in offers from almost every studio in Hollywood.

Dorothea flatly refuses to attend previews of her pictures.

"I cannot stand to go to my previews," she explained, "because I get so nervous; so—so tense. I must see my picture alone, or when the audience does not treat it as a new picture. Once, I saw my picture and the audience whistled. I said to myself, 'That picture cannot be so bad as that,' and then I found out that the audience was applauding. In Germany, the audience whistles when it does *not* like a picture."

Dorothea has found little difference in the studio life of the two countries. One phase of studio life that particularly impressed her was the number of girls who have sought her advice on the way to start on a stage or picture career.

"If a girl wants to come into the theatre," she seriously stated, "she does not ask. There must be something inside of her that makes her go right in. She must not stop for anybody." I asked her how she thought that would work in Hollywood's carefully guarded studios.

"She must not let anyone stop her," she laughingly reaffirmed. "She must go right through the offices to the one she wants to see."

From a discussion of her Hollywood life, we drifted into a consideration of the picture she had just finished. The story of *Cradle Song* is woven around the life of a group of nuns in a Spanish convent, with Dorothea garnering top honors in a stirring emotional part.

"There is something about it," she declared, "that grips your inner emotions."

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